STRAIGHT, SPORTING, SENSIBLE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 118. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending February 4th, 1911. ONE PENNY.

'Treat your NERVES as well as your complaint'

—Dr. BIRLEY.

There are scores of complaints rife to-day that are wholly and purely *nervous* in origin.

There are also scores of others that have weak nerves accompanying them. "*Look after the nervous system. Keep it well nourished and in perfect working order, and diseases will little affect us,*" were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world his new method of administering the valuable element, Phosphorus, to the human system. Likewise in treating diseases and complaints other than those that are nervous in origin, there are numberless drugs and medicines in existence that give relief and benefit for such, yet Dr. Birley found that the results to be obtained can always be very greatly enhanced by seeing that the nervous system is given proper attention at the same time—far better than when the disease is treated separately.

"*Treat your nerves as well as your complaint,*" is, therefore, the additional advice of Dr. Birley.

The special form of Phosphorus (see "PLAIN" in list below) introduced by Dr. Birley, now so well known and established as being the most reliable and certain method of administering this valuable brain and nerve-feeding element, readily combines with most of the best and well tried remedial agents known to medical science, and the following are the principal remedies (combined with the "Plain" Phosphorus) introduced by Dr. Birley after extensive use in private practice.

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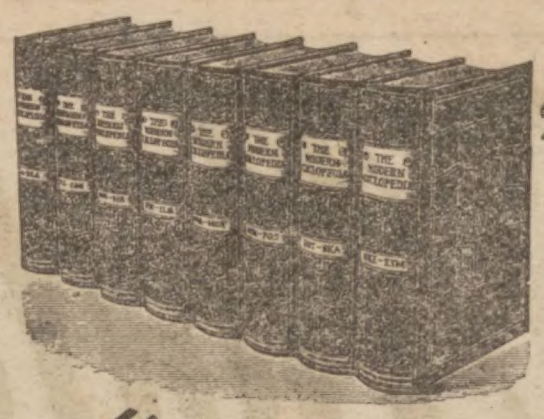

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 118. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 4TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

PUBLIC SWIMMING BATHS.

WHY CLOSE THEM IN WINTER?

It is hard to understand why borough councils and other municipal bodies in certain suburbs of London, and in some other cities and towns, transform their swimming baths into recreation halls during the cold season.

Naturally, they cannot hope to have as many patrons as in the warm summer months, but there are many men who like their weekly dip in winter as well as their daily swim in summer, and to the requirements of these some attention should be paid.

Of course, it is very considerate of the aforesaid public bodies to promote whist-drives for the benefit of the old ladies of the neighbouring parishes, and for the amusement of the young-men-about-town of the district; but, even if carried on at a slight loss, we think that public swimming baths should be used as such in all seasons.

Private concerns could not compete with these institutions in the summer, and cannot, of course, be expected to open at a loss just for the colder season.

MARKS FOR SPORT.

AN EDUCATIONAL SUGGESTION.

The writer believes he has discovered the secret of the bookworm at school. He slaves at his work at the expense of his physical strength in order to amass those marks which will place him at the head of his companions. Of course, a few of those companions may, by excelling at sport, gain their colours, cups, and similar trophies, but only the best of them score in the way of marks.

My suggestion is that marks should be awarded for such sports as football or cricket, rowing, gymnastics, and rifle-shooting. Of course they would not be great enough to enable the physical man with little brain-power to step above his clever school-fellows, but they would give the man who, whilst moderately good at work, is also successful in sport a fair chance of attaining first place in his form. And he is the man who, ultimately, becomes successful in after life.

The value of sports in the schoolboy's character is too often ignored by professors engrossed in the delights of Latin verbs or the fascination of the calculus.

Also—and here is an important point—the bookworm would be tempted to emerge from his shell of learning into the open field in search for these precious points of merit necessary to his success.

The point is worthy of the consideration of our big public schools.

CHEEK.

Earth-Shaking Discovery.—Judge Bacon says solicitors are not philanthropists. We have not yet seen signs of the storm of legal indignation that is sure to burst.

* * *

Mr. Michael Sadler says the great work in education is to cultivate fairness of mind with a capacity for decisive action. In other words, let the other fellow know you're there, and then "get your blow in fust."

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt says the secret of youth is to have one chief absorbing interest in life. A little, however, depends on what you absorb, and how much soda you take with it.

* * *

In view of that advice it is just as well that somebody has discovered how to make beer that contains no alcohol. Query: If the glass will no longer inebriate, will it still cheer us? I don't—drink!

* * *

It is quite in accordance with the fitness of things that the annual meeting of the Bar should be held at an Inn—Lincoln's Inn.

* * *

A daily paper advertisement offers a post to an ex-naval or military officer "to direct the affairs of an important undertaking." The position "carries suitable remuneration, and needs no special qualifications." Brutally candid!

* * *

If a wife answers her husband it is "nagging"; if husband answers wife it is "advice," says Mr. Cecil Chapman, the magistrate. He might have gone on to tell us what it is when both are at it hammer and tongs, and the whole street is kept awake.

* * *

England's young hopefuls: Mary Hawks, while interviewing a magistrate (from the dock), said she was sixty-one and had never been kissed.

* * *

Every navvy a genius. It has just been declared by an expert that the navvy has an "infinite capacity." The only difference is that the genius takes pains and the navvy takes beer—five quarts a day! We suspected this all along.

* * *

"All For Ireland League." Whose all? Theirs or ours?

* * *

American railwaymen are to be taught elocution. When they have qualified, it is to be hoped that the string of station names will sound less like the Greek alphabet in a fit. British lines please copy.

"TOUCHANCO."

VALVE TUBES.

A MONEY-SAVING HINT.

For a penny or twopence it is always possible to purchase a packet of these most necessary parts of the cyclist's outfit. In these packets the tubing is cut in convenient lengths, and the cuttings are duly sealed at the ends.

As a rule, however, the tubes are a little too short for ordinary purposes, and a far more satisfactory method is to buy the tubing by the strip and to cut off a piece whenever it is required.

In this way you are not stinted in length, and a long piece of tubing will not get lost as a collection of small cuttings will.

The yellow or light brown tubing is preferable to the more common black material, being more durable and less inclined to burst or crack.

Apropos of valve tubes, a tip worth remembering is that French chalk, pumped in with the ordinary pump, will often seal a defective valve tube until a new one can be obtained.

DRAG-HUNTING.

IS IT OUR FUTURE SPORT?

The increase in the number of small holdings has brought to the front once more the whole question of fox-hunting.

In the old days the bulk of the land was cultivated by big farmers, men who could afford to ride to hounds, and who, consequently, raised no objection to the hunt passing over their fields.

Now, however, there are many small farmers in the hunting districts, and, being unable to follow the hounds themselves, they do not see why other people should do so at the expense of their young grass and crops.

The damage done to their poultry by the foxes (generally imported into the district for hunting purposes), and the damage done by ill-mannered followers of the hunt galloping over newly-sown fields, receives practically no compensation.

Fox-hunting is one of our finest national sports, and most of us would be sorry to see it dropped; but that is what is likely to happen if the small farmer continues his opposition.

The drag hunt will probably supply a solution to the difficulty. Here the scent can be laid over ordinary hunting country, but without touching any fields that could be injured by galloping.

Moreover, there are in drag-hunting no foxes, and nothing to which the most enthusiastic humanitarian can object.

BOTTOMLEY'S LATEST MOVE.

There are few who take an active interest in journalism who will nôt regret the collapse in voluntary liquidation of a public concern started about a year ago with a great flourish of trumpets, and grandiloquently called The Amalgamated Pictorials, Limited.

This company produced two publications, "Lotinga's Weekly" and "The Throne and Country." The latter had a very hard fight from the outset, for even at the time when it was first published the market for that class of illustrated weekly was already more than supplied, but in the case of "Lotinga's Weekly" there seemed every reason to expect financial prosperity.

At the extraordinary meeting of shareholders in connection with the liquidation of the company, it was stated that the present difficulties might be attributed to the fact that the board did not consist of a body of business men, and very probably that was a fair explanation, but there must have been something radically wrong with the arrangements when they failed to make a penny paper pay if it has, as they asserted, a circulation of 200,000 copies a week.

MR. LOTINGA.

Mr. Lotinga is a well-known sporting journalist, who is very kindly spoken of by all those who have met him, and sympathy will be extended on every hand to him in connection with the disappointment which he no doubt feels at the collapse of The Amalgamated Pictorials, Limited.

As we have said, there are few connected with the publishing business who do not regret what has happened, both for the sake of Mr. Lotinga and also for the sake of his shareholders.

There are few who take an interest in finance who are not astonished at the latest move which Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., has made in this matter.

The shares in The Amalgamated Pictorials were 5s. ones, and the astounding proposition was made by John Bull, Limited, that this company should purchase "Lotinga's Weekly" on the following remarkable terms—namely, that each shareholder in The Amalgamated Pictorials, Limited, should receive two half-crown Preference shares in John Bull, Limited, for every share he now held, but that these half-crown shares were only half-paid.

WHAT IT MEANS.

The man who understands finance knows what this means; but it is well to put it into plainer language for the benefit of the less experienced reader. It means that shareholders in The Amalgamated Pictorials, Limited, get, in exchange for their shares in that company, shares in John Bull, Limited, at an equal face value to the shares they are at present holding.

That is to say, if you possessed fifty pounds' worth of shares in The Amalgamated Pictorials, Limited, you would now be entitled to fifty pounds' worth of Preference shares in John Bull, Limited, but you would have to pay £25 for the exchange.

The position of a shareholder in The Amalgamated Pictorials, Limited, is very like that of a man who has dropped a shilling and who is accosted by a little boy who offers to recover the shilling for him if he will give him sixpence to tackle the job.

If you were in the position of that man, and if you knew that the little boy making the offer had a very good reputation in the matter of finding lost shillings, you would very probably spend the sixpence; but if you knew that the little boy had undertaken similar tasks many times before, and almost invariably failed to find the lost shilling, you would probably consider it wiser to keep the sixpence in your pocket.

Mr. Bottomley's reputation for finding profits for those who have invested in his companies has not been by any means a good one. His companies have, in fact, been singularly unfortunate on the whole.

It is, therefore, surprising, to those interested in financial matters that the unfortunate shareholders in "Lotinga's Weekly" should, at their meeting, have agreed to find an additonal sum amounting to exactly one-half of the money that they had already invested, and to give it to Mr. Bottomley's company for 6 per cent. Preference shares.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

At the meeting one shareholder asked why he could not have one 2s. 6d. share fully paid up instead of two 2s. 6d. shares credited with 1s. 3d. paid up. Why not indeed?

But we don't think that he is likely to get it.

The fact of the matter is that John Bull, Limited, gets "Lotinga's Weekly" and £20,000 from the shareholders of that paper, and gives in exchange 320,000 6 per cent. Preference shares.

At the meeting Mr. Elias stated that John Bull, Limited, had paid dividends regularly every half-year in March and September, inferring, of course, that the shareholders now joining John Bull, Limited, in this extraordinary deal would receive their interest regularly.

We trust that they will do so.

Undoubtedly "John Bull" has been, from a financial point of view, a most successful publication, but we have received several letters from readers who say that they have absolutely failed to get their dividends.

OUR REQUEST.

They inform us that the dividends are duly declared, but that they cannot get any satisfaction, even though they write, and even though they call at the offices of John Bull, Limited.

Of course, these complaints may be entirely isolated ones, and due only to clerical errors on the part of Mr. Bottomley's staff. We should be interested to know, however, how far such complaints are justified, and we therefore invite those who have had financial dealings with Mr. Bottomley, either in connection with John Bull, Limited, or in connection with any of his other companies, to write to us, and to supply full details of their experiences.

We have no desire to deal with the matter in a one-sided way. Our sole purpose is to discover the facts from those who know, for Mr. Bottomley's methods appear to be extremely interesting, and we are desirous of doing a thing that no paper has yet done, namely, of explaining these methods in detail. That is why we invite correspondence on the subject.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

Another matter has recently been brought to our notice, and that is the payment of the money so generously subscribed by readers of "John Bull" for the benefit of people whose misfortunes are related in a series of paragraphs entitled "Human Documents."

Each week a list is printed, detailing the contributions that have been sent by readers for the benefit of these poor people.

We desire to hear from them, and to know whether the money reaches them quite safely, and after what lapse of time.

THOSE "SAVED" MINUTES.

SECONDS THAT DIVIDE DISCOMFORT FROM ENJOYMENT.

I was once a flusterer, but now I am reformed, and I am ever so much better for the reformation.

A flusterer, I have decided, is a species of hustler, and, like the hustler, he is apt to make a great mistake in his calculations.

It was (previously to my reformation) an article of my faith that, unless I was always on the go at top speed, I was wasting time.

It never occurred to me that I might also be wasting other things equally, if not even more, valuable to a man: things such as personal fitness, comfort, and nervous composure and steadiness.

I hustled always and every time. For instance, I began my day by mixing up breakfast and dressing operations. Almost as soon as I was out of my bath I had bacon and eggs and coffee going at one elbow, and collar and tie waiting at the other. Oh, yes, I was hustling hard, and not wasting a minute.

No sooner had I left the house than I was inspired to overtake all the other passengers, elbow my way through the crowd, impatient of their snail's pace, and get immediately into the office.

There I arrived in a state of physical discomfort. The violence of my haste had disarranged my clothes, and I was in a state of excessive perspiration.

Hardly waiting to cool down I would tear open letters as if life or death depended on the operation being completed in record time. By this time a sort of indigestion seized me, for I had bolted breakfast.

Somehow the morning dragged, and though I was flustering about all the time, I seemed to get "no forrader" than the rest, and only succeeded in annoying them.

Lunch was a matter of fifteen minutes, and no interval was allowed when it was finished for sitting down and reading. I was up and out again, always moving at the same horrible speed.

Tearing to the station in the evening, I would catch my train, fluster home from the station, and then sink exhausted into a chair where I would remain for the rest of the evening, exhausted, irritable, unsociable.

One day, however, I thought of testing the problem. What time did I save, actually, really, in hard fact, by this hustling, perpetual flustering to get ahead?

I began by timing myself over a complete day. It soon became apparent that I was not gaining anything like the amount of time alone could justify the rush and pay me back for the loss of nervous energy.

Thus, while previously I had dressed, breakfasted, and reached the office in an hour and five minutes (and incidentally contracted indigestion, personal discomfort, and bad temper) I now took sixty-nine minutes. Only four minutes longer! But what a change!

I dressed in comfort; I breakfasted with ease, and, best of all, I walked with a natural, swinging stride to the office, breathing easily, and arriving with a glow and a steady hand. Those four minutes made all the difference between misery and pleasure.

In fact I have come to the conclusion that only minutes and fractions of minutes are saved by a frantic amount of hurry.

Try it for yourself and see. Walk to the office at high speed, now and then cannoning into people to whom you must apologise. See how long it takes you. It may take ten minutes.

Then deliberately go slowly, even leisurely, lazily if you like, and I'll bet you a hundred to one in sovereigns you will only take an extra two minutes. You will see then that the flustering game is not worth the candle.

M. BRUCE.

ONLY MEMORIES

A SKETCH.

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

It is nice, when the grey begins to fleck one's temples, to have in one's possession such a box of old lumber as I have, to be reminded of the days when the keener disappointments, the deeper sorrows, the more bitter shortcomings of the outer world had as yet not touched us optimists of twenty-one.

I pick up an old Volunteer dance programme out of the medley, and that night again is brought before me.

How old-fashioned her ball-dress would seem now! Yet how pretty it looks in the dim distance to my masculine eye that knoweth naught of all that is embodied in the hobble, the tube, or the serpentine skirt!

The dance programme. . . . Half the set dances, the supper dance, and a far from respectable amount of waltzes are down to that same bewitching initial.

And after each initial on the programme there is a comment, written when, next day, naught was left to me but a pleasant day-dream of the dance.

There are G. B., "sporting"; V. F. S., "*très-chic*"; M. P., "charming"; V. M. T., "not so bad" (she was a very heavy partner. We seemed fated to steer into all the crushes); T. L., "fair" (in the critical, not liberal, sense); B. S., "beautiful." "She" was down twice, inscribed by my own hand, and meant "Brandy-and-soda." The wise man always leaves out one Drink Dance in each half.

But last of all comes she whose name it is sacrilege to write. And against it is written, simply and frankly, "Best of all."

Hang these memories! How long is it since Captain O'Darvel, my despised rival, carried her off? Yet (now it is a bitterness that assails me) she laughed over the brilliant caricature I drew of the little ape waltzing with her! (She was tall and divinely fair. He was short and devilishly stout.)

More caricatures. . . . This time it is a lissom lass being taken off her feet in the "Visiting" figure by the old Colonel (who knew better, as he said, but preferred to forget it for that evening).

Last of all is a libel on myself by that fiendish Captain of the cyclists, with the inscription underneath! "Yes; the uniform's all right, but what price the wearer?"

A crude shaft, you say? Ay—but it would not have been so bitter had I not been carefully apprised of the fact by the aforesaid Captain that a fair partner of his had pertly suggested the cutting inscription.

On the back of the programme I see I have entered up her name even to the fourth extra. But yet (Oh, man, thy name is Flirtation!) I note that I have scribbled in the corner above the regimental crest the address of the "charming" M. P. I met Madeline for the first time that night. . . . I see her now. . . . I feel her significant finger-grip in the grand chain of the Lancers. . . . But alas! It was merely the fourth waltz, "Veronique," that made us acquainted.

I had thought her nothing much out of the ordinary when the M.C. introduced me at looking-up time, but I saw her gaiety and her soul lightly lilting in her eyes as we danced.

We spent the interval that followed looking through our full programme, and, I am ashamed to say, seeking whom we might dodge. I would have given up both my B.S.'s, but at each corresponding number on her programme there was He-who-could-not-be-dodged.

She was a good second that night to the one who is Mrs. O'Darvel to-day. As I look over those names it occurs to me that the very young man is a polygamous animal. I can conjure up, very easily, evidence to show that I was somewhat keen on several of them.

And what tattered fragment is this that comes forth now grimy with much re-reading?

Assuredly it is something mystic, for it is covered with weird signs and many things that betoken Allsopp's Beer and *crux ansata*, the Ancient Egyptian symbol of Life and Death.

It is headed, moreover, the "Third Pyramid," yet, in order to convince you at once that I really had no dealings with the universal providers of mummies, I will hasten to admit that my friend Frederick John Fall's house was 3, Azalea Terrace, and, moreover, that the Manifesto was in his own hand.

Its import is only too clear now I read it.

I had tired, it seems, of the wondrous M. P. Yet, not wanting her myself, I had reproached Frederick John with unfaithfulness to me by reason of the fact that he had been seen escorting her on an evening I had not turned us to keep an appointment, "walking-out-wise" with the lady.

Now we three friends, Frederick John, "Toffee" Chaxter, and I, rushed into Manifestoes at every conceivable opportunity.

I always think that that is what kept our little coterie going—those Manifestoes. If any one of us had a grievance and all our friends were against us on any particular point; "Very well! I shall bung in a Manifesto!"

It was an appeal unto Cæsar, and "Toffee," as President of the League, never failed to read it aloud to the *plebs* in our own particular Forum, which was a round seat under an oak tree in our native town's large Park.

By means of the Manifesto we had a chance of setting down our own case fairly, for at a verbal hearing it was always impossible to get in the proverbial "word edgeways."

You will note that I am referred to throughout as "Samuel the Slab." That was my official name. I can no more explain why they elected to address me as such than I can tell you the reason Chaxter was always "Toffee."

Here it is:

"TO 'TOFFEE' CHAXTER, BARNABY BUCKLIN, AND SAMUEL THE SLAB:

GREETING!

"Know, all of you, that I, Frederick John Fall, of the Third Pyramid, purpose to justify my action (in the matter of the maiden, Madeline (of sweet memory), and I have set down the following in extenuation:

(1) That on the night of Wednesday last, when I, the undersigned, was taking a constitutional in the park, I, quite by chance, met the aforesaid beauteous damozel.

(2) I raised my hat.

(3) She stopped.

(4) I spoke to her.

(5) The purport of my words was:

(*a*) That it was a fine night after the rain.

(*b*) That I wondered to see her wandering abroad without the escort of Samuel the Slab.

(*c*) That I should be happy to accompany her to the Park Gates or until such a time as Samuel, already late for his appointment, should appear.

(6) The maiden's replies were to the effect:

(*a*) That she agreed with me regarding the weather.

(*b*) That Samuel was *very* late.

(*c*) That she would be only too glad to avail herself of my offer to act, temporarily, as her cavalier.

(7) Having noticed several unworthy pairs of eyes turned upon her, I, for the sake of Samuel the Slab (note that, please!) obliged in this direction.

(8) We walked in the beaten track around the Park, deviating therefrom not an inch.

(9) Yet, no Samuel appeared to claim the maiden.

(10) During the space of half an hour she made, among others, three pointed observations:

(*a*) That the aforesaid Samuel was heartless.

(*b*) That he evidently meant to break his appointment.

(*c*) (This after mistaking several unworthy persons in the dusk for her false lover) that she loved him no longer.

(Put that in your pipes and smoke it!)

(11) Therefore the contention of the undersigned is that he was no longer bound in honour with regard to his friend Samuel..

(12) And that as a consequence his arm had every right to be around the lady's waist when the moon rose.

(13) That he does not care who saw him or who knows it, either! It *was* around her waist!

(14) Finally, he would admit that the consequence of that evening has been to give him a warm, amorous regard for the maiden, Madeline (of sweet countenance, bewitching eyes, and glorious hair), and, further, that he believes his feelings are reciprocated.

(15) This to Samuel the Slab—If you (as seems impossible) yet hold any affection for the aforesaid Delicious One, it is open to you to try to wrest her from the embraces of the undersigned by any known legitimate means.

(16) The undersigned would add, however, that his money is on himself, and that your price Oh, Samuel, is about 1,000 to 3 (offered).

Given this —— day of —— 189—

(Signed)

FREDERICK JOHN FALL."

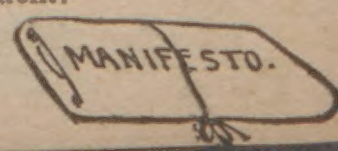
Thus (after the dethronement of the One) it will be seen that the flirtation of the Volunteer Ball developed into the love of the Park and from thence to nothingness. . . To a man's lumber box as time goes on are added, beside the happy memories, many pinches of the salt of bitterness.

There are other Manifestoes in the box, but none of such great import to me as that of Frederick John above reported.

Yet there are some that call up memories of great occasions—sad and merry.

There is the original draft, with many corrections and thumb-marks and numerous cabalistic signs, of the manifesto to one "Toffee" Chaxter on his "forsaking the Mother-Country for the cornfields of the Golden West."

And folded with it is the farewell address of the aforesaid "Toffee" Chaxter to his "trusty and well-beloved comrades" of the League of which he was President.



HOW TO GET UP AMATEUR THEATRICALS

SOME HINTS ON CHOOSING AND PRODUCING PLAYS.

There are those who cannot understand the attraction which amateur theatricals have for so many. The only possible reason for it which they even consider is the motive of vanity. Those who take part in amateur performances, they suggest, do so simply from a love of "dressing up" which most of us had in our childhood and which few men ever entirely get rid of. There are few Territorials, for instance, who can honestly say that the uniform had nothing to do with their joining.

But as a matter of fact, "dressing up" has a very small part in modern amateur theatricals, for two out of three of the plays chosen are modern plays in which ordinary modern clothes are worn.

AN INDEFINABLE ATTRACTION.

It would be out of place to discuss here what the precise attraction is—if indeed it could ever be defined. At least amateur theatricals provide an excuse for many merry social gatherings, and an unrivalled method of getting to know people intimately, to say nothing of any enjoyment they may provide at the actual performance or of any funds which they may provide for charity or other deserving purposes.

If you have formed a regularly constituted club, you will, of course, have a casting committee whose chief duty will be to choose the play for performance and allot the characters, but once this is done, whether the performers are members of a club or simply a number of friends who have joined together, everything else must be left to a good stage-director or stage-manager. If the assistance of a professional is obtainable, so much the better.

DICTATORSHIP NECESSARY.

As a prominent actor recently remarked, if the Israelites had trusted to a committee to get them over the Red Sea, they would probably be in Egypt now. So the only way to ensure success in amateur theatricals is to put the production in the hands of one man and support him loyally. If you cannot take criticism and suggestions, and if you cannot subject your personal feelings to the good of the whole, you had better give up your part at once, for however good an actor you may think yourself, you are not going to be the only performer on the stage.

The choice of a play is a most important item and one which is bound up with the question of finance; for fees are charged for the performance of copyright plays varying from about £5 to 5s. This, of course, is only the case if money is taken either at the doors or in the form of a club subscription.

COPYRIGHT AND ROYALTIES.

If the avoidance of the Royalty is important, there are a number of non-copyright plays, including, of course, the classics — Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and so on. The latter are best not attempted by an amateur club in its infancy, however, and among the non-copyright plays it will be extremely difficult to find one which is suited for an amateur performance. They are mostly either too difficult for amateurs to tackle or too old-fashioned and "stagey" to give the actors a chance.

If you are faced with the difficulty of choosing a play you cannot do better than consult the "Guide to Selecting Plays," published by Messrs. Samuel French, of Southampton Street, Strand, who produce sixpenny acting editions of almost all the possible plays for amateurs. Here you will find a description of the play, the number of male and female characters required, the costume, the number of acts and the time occupied, and an outline of the plot. All these things have to be taken into consideration, and also, if only a small company is available, the particular talents of the members.

GETTING THE SCENERY.

The question of scenery is also important. There are various firms both in London and the provinces who will supply this on hire and for a single private performance this plan will probably be the best.

It will add greatly to the fun of the thing, however, if you can muster sufficient artistic ability to paint your own, but a club will be well advised to buy outright a few good "stock sets." A garden scene and an interior scene will be required in most plays, and the same scenery can be set in so many different ways that with different furniture, pictures, and so on it may be made hardly recognisable.

Two such sets, painted back to back on the same frames so that they only need reversing, may be obtained for five or six pounds, which is very little more than the cost of hiring them.

STAGE AND LIGHTING.

The erection of the stage and the question of lighting are matters best left to the stage-director, who will need to have some expert knowledge on the subject. The stage must slope slightly from back to front, and should be as large as space allows. A stage that looks large enough when first erected may be far too small when the scene is set on it and the necessary furniture is in place.

With regard to lighting, you are fortunate if electric light is available, for it is safe and easily fitted and turned on and off. If gas is used for the footlights, do not forget to cover the flames with a wire screen for the protection of the ladies' dresses and the drop curtain.

Many amateurs imagine that footlights provide the only lighting necessary, and the result is gruesome in the extreme. A strong head-light, hidden from the audience by the proscenium, will also be necessary, and if limelights are not used—and only the most ambitious production need have them—an oil lamp with a good reflector may be fixed about five feet from the ground at either side of the proscenium.

With regard to dresses, if the play chosen is a "costume play," above all things be correct. The audience, or some members of it, are always on the look-out for little errors. Find out either from experts or from old prints or books the exact costume worn in the period of the play, and copy it exactly.

If the costume cannot be manufactured at home, you will have to hire it from a theatrical costumier, and this may cost half a guinea.

BE CORRECT.

Even in a modern play, however, correctness of dress is equally essential. You must put yourself in the place of the character you represent, and select from your wardrobe the clothes which are most like what he would be wearing in the circumstances. If you are supposed to have been for a country walk, for instance, don't appear in dancing pumps, or if you are a tramp don't let the crease in your trousers be *too* obvious.

The art of "making up" is one which cannot be learnt without a good deal of practice, but it is usually possible to find a member of the company who is capable of "making up" the whole cast.

MAKING UP.

If, however, you are obliged to make up yourself, don't overdo it. A little rouge on the face (*not* concentrated in the middle of the cheek) and a little darkening of the eyebrows and reddening of the lips will be all that is necessary to withstand the glare of the stage-lighting, unless, of course, you are playing a character part.

As for the actual performance, it is impossible to give more than a few brief hints. The main things for the amateur actor to remember are these — stand still, be natural, speak slowly and clearly, and address your remarks to the *back* row of the audience.

J. H. BARTLETT.

THAT NEW MACHINE.

April and May are the months in which most men set about the choosing of their new cycles, and it is at that time of the year that they have to pay the full price for them.

But the idea of purchasing the new machine in the present season and storing it up for fine weather—using the old one in the meantime—is well worthy of consideration.

It is not by any means necessary, as any experienced roadster will tell you, to get the latest pattern; last year's models are good enough, and will prove quite sufficient for your purposes when spring comes round.

At this time of the year bargains in bikes are to be picked up at the depôts of many of the leading makers.

CLUB NEWS.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford MODERN MAN Club is having a whist-drive at "The Spot" Grill, Kirkgate, Bradford, on Tuesday, February 7. Tickets, which cost 1s. 6d. and include refreshments, can be had from the Secretary, Mr. H. Edwards, 101, Gladstone Street, Bradford. An enjoyable evening is assured, and all readers in Bradford and vicinity are invited to take this opportunity of making new friends of the best kind.

GLASGOW.—In connection with the Glasgow MODERN MAN Club, a smoking concert is being held next Thursday, February 9, at 7.30, in the "Landsdowne Restaurant, 9, Hope Street, Glasgow. For tickets apply to the Assistant-Secretary, Mr. W. D. Fyfe, 20, Maule Drive, Patrick West, Glasgow. The 20 best artistes obtainable have been engaged, and every Glasgow reader of THE MODERN MAN is cordially invited.

NEW BRIGHTON.—Mr. R. D. Morris, 9, Richmond Street, New Brighton, Cheshire, is getting up a MODERN MAN Club for the town and the surrounding district. All readers in the vicinity will, of course, support him.

HOW BRITISH FOOTBALLERS HELP THE NATIONS

SPORTSMEN AS MISSIONARIES OF PEACE AND EMPIRE.

By WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur and Notts County).

The famous Corinthian Club team who have just returned from South America, are full of enthusiasm as to the prospects of the game all over that continent, and surely we, as a nation, can render no better service than to implant a love of our manly sports in the breasts of the younger generations of the South American Republics.

Few Englishmen have probably any idea that Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Mexico not only is the game regularly played, but there are flourishing leagues, and competitions which year by year attract the attention of ever-increasing numbers.

I do not think I have ever told the readers of THE MODERN MAN that when I went out a couple of years ago with the Spurs, even prisoners were allowed to come and see the games, and the left-back player of one side happening to be in prison, the President of the Republic released him so that he could take part in the games against us. He was promised a pardon if he did well, and I am glad to say he acquitted himself admirably.

I fully expect that in a year or two we shall have football teams from that part of the world coming and anxious to play over here, and ready to do good service for the country.

THE CONTINENT.

But it is to the continent of Europe that we must turn for the best evidence of the headway the game is making among the nations.

Ever since Alexander Tait wrote his book on Association football for the Scandinavians, they have formed clubs in all the great centres of Sweden and in Norway, and particularly at the universities, where there can be no doubt that many players of the highest skill are to be found. Christiania, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Bergen, and many other places have flourishing clubs and cup competitions, and many thousands of people are unable to watch the matches. Personally I have very high hopes that the Swedes will be able to put a team in the field which will hold its own against our amateur clubs.

Charlie Williams, the famous Manchester City goalkeeper, who once sent the ball between his opponents' goal-posts from the kick off, is now coaching a Danish team, and he is inclined to the opinion that they are much better sportsmen than many of the other nations.

DANISH SPORTSMEN.

I have played in Denmark, and can bear witness to the fact that the game is entered into with zest and is highly valued by the authorities as a means of providing that outdoor exercise of which so many of our friends abroad stand much in need. I am sure that if only nations like Spain and Portugal could be induced to imbibe a zest for our grand athletic games, it would be a fine thing for the people, and would introduce a new progressive element into the life of the country, which would be invaluable from a political point of view.

I fear that the game has been introduced into Russia, and is now meeting with support, although formerly the authorities set their faces very heartily against it, believing that it would give opportunities for secret societies to gather together and to hatch plots for the upsetting of good government. Indeed, on one occasion when two teams of Turks started to play, they were promptly arrested and taken to prison.

I believe, however, that the inhabitants of the Balkan countries would take kindly to this game, and if an English team were enterprising enough to go to Roumania or Servia, they would find a great welcome awaiting them.

Football has certainly a future in Austria and Hungary. Large crowds of spectators assemble at both Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and the young men who have taken up the game show decided skill and ability. Here, again, before very long, we are likely to encounter a stronger opposition than from Germany or France, in both of which countries, however, the Association game is very popular.

THE FOOTBALL WAR ABROAD.

I cannot help regretting that the Amateur Football Association have carried their war on to the Continent, and already in these countries there are two bodies. I have no dislike of the Amateurs, for some of my most enjoyable games have been against the gentlemen players from our English universities and schools, but to carry this dissension into circles where the game is still young seems to me to be a great pity.

I am told that in Germany football is played a great deal in the army, and that Royal patronage is readily accorded. In Berlin and other places there is plenty of enthusiasm, and the same may be said of Paris. Week-end games between British, French, and German clubs are very largely on the increase. Holland and Belgium have also given a generous welcome to English teams.

Indeed, football of both codes has almost a world-wide mission. In Australia and South Africa Rugby is very strong, and in the former country the Northern Union game is proving very attractive.

A SERVICE TO THE WORLD.

I claim then that English sportsmen can do no better work than by carrying their games into other countries. The fraternal spirit that the game arouses must be productive of untold good, and do much to bring about a good feeling among vast masses of people who do not take a keen interest in politics.

The footballer can do as much towards securing the world's peace as any diplomat.

There is one difficulty, and that is the question of referees. They are often unsatisfactory at home. Imagine then the state of affairs, when the referee is a gentleman who does not understand a word of your language. This has been my experience both on the Continent and in South America.

Whatever the decision is you have to accept it, because you cannot dispute it; but, fortunately, as we were the stronger side, we could afford to be generous.

English referees, however, who want a holiday, cannot do better than pay a visit and teach our friends the duties of their office. No doubt this difficulty will right itself with the improvement and growth of the game.

WALTER BULL.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

AND HOW IT ENDED.

"Ever been hunted?"

I looked up.

Dick took the pipe out of his mouth and pointed with its stem to a silver-mounted hoof on the writing-table.

"Bonniest little mare in three counties," he said meditatively. "She could go like the wind, could the Siren.

"It happened years ago," he went on, "and there was a woman in the case.

"There were two of us, Bob Seton and myself, whom she favoured, and if I had betted on the matter I should have said the odds were on Bob. Bob and I had been at school together, but we were never pals in any sense. A nasty, vindictive chap was Bob Seton, but as handsome as Lucifer.

"Well, one day I suppose she had had a tiff with Bob. Anyhow, she smiled on me when I rode away from her father's farm that afternoon, and, silly fool that I was, I carried away with me the memory of a kiss.

"It was a long, lonely ride that I had before me, but the mare and I were on capital terms with each other, and without any great exertions on our part we should be at home long before dark.

"She was picking her way, like the dainty little lady she was, over a dirty bit of road, when suddenly I heard a shout. I turned in the saddle and looked back.

"It was a man on a powerful black horse that I recognised. I pulled up and waited.

"It was Bob, but what on earth was he up to? I saw his face now distinctly, and it was distorted with rage.

"Then a bullet whizzed past my ear.

"'It's loaded in every chamber,' he shouted.

"Then I understood. I set the mare going. I was not afraid of Bob's aim. He was no long-distance shot.

"He laughed as I dashed away. There was more in that mad brain of his than I guessed.

"The great black horse thundered after us, and above the noise of hoofs I heard Bob's laugh.

"On and on we galloped, but I easily kept the lead. Sometimes he fired, but never a shot touched us, and the noise did but put the Siren on her mettle.

"Then in a flash I realised what Bob Seton was bent on. The road led straight for miles, but there were the cliffs and the sea in front to say nothing of a disused quarry. I was indeed between the devil and the sea.

"On and on we thundered. We were nearing the old quarry, when the mare stopped dead and refused to move another inch.

"It saved my life, but it cost her hers. Bob fired again, this time too low, but the bullet struck the mare. She stumbled and fell. I was off in a second, but the Siren was done for.

"I had no thought for myself now, all was swallowed up in furious grief for her.

"I should have been at the murderer's throat in another instant, when, suddenly, his horse swerved to one side, unseating Bob, who still had hold of the reins.

"The horse made a bolt, dragging Bob with him.

"When it was too late Bob let go, but the fate he had destined for me overtook him.

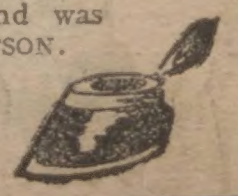
"Down the sides of the quarry he fell—down, down.

"He was found next morning with his neck broken."

Dick stopped and poured himself out a stiff glass of Scotch.

Then he added, "And she was not even true to either of us, for she was engaged all the time to a fellow out in India, and just after this she went out there and was married."

CHARLES WATSON.



THE LURE OF THE LIGHTS

NIGHT INFLUENCES IN GREAT CITIES.

What is there in the air of a great city that gets into a man's nature and makes him something of a mystic, somewhat subject to sentiment though not to sentimentality, a little blind to the faults of himself and his kind, and more than a little reckless?

This strange insidious power that the city—I speak generally, of all cities—exercises over a man's nature is too subtle for analysis, probably, but it is a power from which not the hardest man entirely escapes at one period or another.

Though its influence is never entirely lost throughout any day, it is not in the early morning that it is most powerful. Indeed, it may be said that from the moment a man wakes until he falls again to sleep this influence of the city-spirit is at work completing its effect.

A HIDDEN POWER.

No man can say for certain when he leaves home in the morning into what mysteries or experiences the power will lead him; and until he puts his latch-key into the door after midnight he may take a turning at the bidding of this power that may send him galloping along a path he himself would have been the last to suspect.

Certainly the climax of the city's influence comes far into the night. Then its effects upon a man are the most revolutionary.

We can all be Platonic, materialistic, fiercely practical and businesslike when we step out on to the pavement at 8.30 a.m. and make for the office. Then, somehow, we seem proof against all lures. We pass by, unheeding, the people, the opportunities and chances of romance and new experience that are round about us. We make straight for our work as though work were the one and only delight in life.

THE CITY'S SPELL.

As yet the city has not worked its spell.

The day wears on. We have had our surfeit of work. We have gone hither and thither about this and that affair.

Looking up we see that it is perhaps mid-afternoon.

We look long and meditatively out into the busy street. It is crowded; the farthest lamps are already alight; and a haze obscures the ugly outline of things nearer, and hides in a grey gloom the farther buildings.

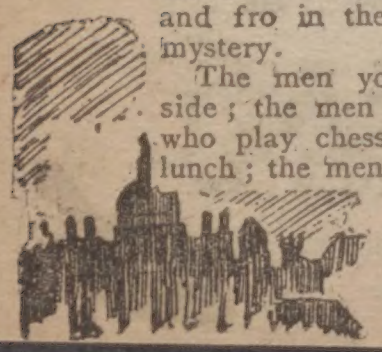
In and out of this mysterious world little lights begin to pass and cross each other, indicating, if ever so slightly, the myriad interests that men are following up.

They flit hither and thither in endless strings, to and fro incessantly, and if you are given to fanciful speculations you cannot help marvelling exceedingly at the wonder of it all.

IN THE CROWD.

Hundreds of thousands, even millions, of men have their minds filled with schemes and projects, and their pursuit of these objects leads to the crossing and recrossing streams of traffic and little lights that you are watching from your window.

By this time you have lost some of the practical spirit with which you set out in the early morning; and, as you, too, descend and mingle on the pavement with your unknown fellow-creatures you add one more to the infinite number of mysteries moving to and fro in the street. For every man is a mystery.



The men you work with daily, side by side; the men you meet at lunch; the men who play chess or dominoes with you after lunch; the men you will meet now as you go down into a tea-house—all these are mysteries to you, and you are a mystery to all of them.

Each has a thread of life that does not appear in the warp and woof that you are permitted to see day by day; each preserves inviolate an inner chamber of the mind where are hidden the real springs of action, the real causes of things a man does and thinks.

FINISHING OFF.

You order tea and toast that you do not particularly want, and you sit for a while. By the time you have smoked one pipe, and have pushed your bill and the money under the little window to the girl behind the glass, the day has fled, and as you pass out of the swing doors you enter quite another world.

Every step back to the office is more reluctant than the previous one. This mysterious spell tries to detain you. The city is alight, and all sorts of alluring influences are abroad. You want to get to the heart of things.

Hastening back you finish off work; see that all necessary letters are written, books made up, accounts balanced.

Then with a feeling that you have done with such things for a time you again pass out into the land of mystery and become one of the flitting phantoms.

AFTER DARK.

There is a deep desire to mingle with all the influences at work around you. The city's lure is making you restless, and also reckless. Such feelings as you have now were quite impossible at the other end of the day.

What is it that has so changed your outlook you cannot tell; but change there is. Everything conspires to force you forward to take your plunge into the illuminated haze in which the city lives.

A passing cab gives you a glimpse of a woman in evening dress; a man at her side. You wonder whither they are bound. Great cars, with deep booming tones, wheel out of the city to distant places. Lights flash everywhere; gaiety flaunts on all hands; ever opportunity is at your elbow, offering choice of endless pleasures.

Henceforth, for many hours, you, too, join in this riot of infectious gaiety; another victim to the lure of the city's lights. Whence the power comes you cannot tell.

Even as you look out over the houses from your own rooms some time after midnight has passed, there come up to you echoes of the vain pursuit still keeping somebody fluttering round the lights of pleasure.

J. T. HARRISON.

ONE-BALL PRACTICE.

A FORM OF STUDY THAT MAKES FOR PERFECT BILLIARDS.

It is a strange, but undeniably true statement that many men who play what people call a "fair game" of billiards—men who will make "fifteens" and "twenties" consistently—cannot in reality strike a ball truly.

By means of one-ball practice, however, the amateur can in time remedy this defect.

One-ball practice means what the expression suggests—practice with the cue and one ball—and though the strokes that may be studied in it are innumerable, most of them are variations of three which we will deal with here.

Place your ball on the centre spot of the baulk line. Your object is to play the ball down the table so that it passes over the pyramid and billiard spots, and returns the same way—*i.e.*, so that it travels up and down the table along its exact centre.

After adopting the easiest possible attitude hold your cue so that its tip is about half an inch from the centre of the ball, and so that the "axis" of the cue (the line running along its middle) is exactly parallel with the sides of the table. Aiming carefully over the spot, draw your cue back slowly about two inches, and then, slightly faster, bring the cue forward, tapping (*not pushing*) the ball smartly. If the stroke has been properly executed (we are, of course, supposing that ball and table to be "true"), the ball will travel directly over all the spots in the central line, and come back into baulk by the same way.

The excellence of the stroke for testing accuracy in striking is obvious; for if the stroke be not true, the ball will return more to the right or left of the centre line. The nearer your ball travels to this imaginary line the better will your stroke have been.

After some time spent at this last exercise it might be varied with the following, which should be very interesting to the really ambitious player.

Spot the ball on one corner-spot of the semi-circle and play it to the exact centre of the top cushion (which spot might advantageously be marked with a chalk-mark or some small object placed on the cushion).

If the stroke has been truly played the ball should come back over the spot on the other corner of the baulk semi-circle.

The value of this stroke cannot be overestimated, for it demonstrates with the greatest simplicity the truth of the rather abstruse axiom "The angle of reflexion is equal to the angle of incidence," a proposition which an instructor once put more clearly to a writer in the words "The ball shoots from the cushion at exactly the same angle as it shoots on."

The last of the three "one-ball strokes" we propose explaining, is perhaps the most interesting.

Place the ball on the right-hand corner of the semi-circle, and then measure, from the centre of the top cushion, a point towards the left-hand pocket. Mark this point in some way or other.

Play your ball truly at it, and the ball will come back to the left-hand corner pocket.

Finally, in practising the above strokes you will probably find that you generally hit the ball either to the left or the right of the centre. If this is so, you should aim to hit it lightly on the other side. Thus, if you hit it too much to the left, hit it slightly to the right.

In this way, you will get nearer and nearer to the true centre of the ball, "which must be found," as Captain Cuttle said, "before you can note on."

R. J. P.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE TERRITORIAL'S GHOST

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

His bicycle was loaded up with all manner of tripods and contrivances. His face dripped with rain, and large drops stood out thereon which might have been tears.

He peered his pinched face into the little village hostelry and interrupted me as I was fortifying a hot rum—a concoction for which the house was famous.

"You——" he began, "you're in the Territorials, aren't you?"

I nodded. Among Territorials there is the true freemasonry.

I saw he was in a sad plight. Wet garments, at all times, are uncomfortable things, but when they comprise a khaki jacket and breeches several sizes too big for one, they are the epitome of tangible misery.

I invited him into the little snuggery where, splendidly alone, we might discuss anything that was not for civilian ears to hear, for one must be cautious in these days when the man who puts his thumb into your soup, lathers your face, or serves you with sausages, is a German of the Germanest.

"Would you comerlong o' me?" he asked, his teeth still chattering. "I've got to go to the church tower and signal to the fellows at the Cathedral steeple in the city. (Quite visible from here in daylight y' know). It's our grand signallin' night—no end of a big thing. I will be lookin' on and observin' all things from the Main Signallin' base. They've left me here alone."

I failed to see where I was to be of any material assistance to him—and said so.

"No, it ain't help I want—not that I'm any great shakes at lamp-readin'. It's the—the ghosts. They say as the church tower is haunted. The gravedigger, where I've got the keys from, says as he wouldn't go up there at night for a pension. Says he won't. Says I haven't heard the tale. That's all I can get out of him. You won't come? . . . You think that if I was to make it right with one o' these yokels they'd pinch the keys if I left them handy? Then I could say as I couldn't go up. Follow?"

I enlarged on the thickheadedness of the local yokels, who, for all that they lived near the Cathedral City, were far from what might be termed a bright heap.

I was glad to see that the spirit of the British Army rose uppermost at last.

"Very well," he said, brokenly, "I'll *go*! I'm hardly out o' my recruit's year, but the regiment shall be first!"

It was then that pity took possession of me. Out in the black night the rain was ceasing to drive before the wind.

I picked up his books of instruction and his message-log. "Come along," I said. "I'm with you."

Together we sallied forth. Ask not of how my *protégé* (his name, I gathered, was Private Tompkins) shuddered as we walked along the winding path between the grass-grown graves.

"It's the Unseen what I don't like," he confided to me. "I fear it! If we was in—I'd rather face bullets than ghosts. You say, there mayn't be any such things—when you think of the dead in their cold, cold graves . . . . . "

I had provided for all such thoughts.

"Have a swig," I said, offering him my flask.

"Ah, that's better! No better dope for a case of this sort than a little Dutch courage, is there? . . . . This'll be the tower door, I suppose?"

We reached a little ivy-grown door let into the ancient flint-work. An inebriated club-man could not have been longer discovering the key-hole. At my suggestion he lit the stable-lantern that I had borrowed for him from the sympathetic landlord.

Immediately to the left of us as we entered was another door. As we opened it, a pale-hued bat, almost white in the lamp-light, flitted forth like some thing of evil.

I heard the teeth of the signaller chattering behind me.

We went along a passage until a chill draught announced to us that the stairway of the old tower was near us.

"No ghosts as yet!" I observed cheerily to Private Tompkins.

My voice resounded in the arched roof. . . . We passed a broken, pane-less window, and I flashed the light through, withdrawing it quickly for the sake of my man's nerves.

"Only skulls washed out of the old churchyard last flood," I observed cheerily. "They can't hurt you."

It was here that the private openly mutinied. He damned the Regiment, the big bug, and one Corporal Hallington—the latter a friend of his, who, I gathered, had egged him on into joining the signallers.

He was going back.

I remonstrated with him. I thought of the honour of his Regiment, and held up the lamp mockingly.

"Very well, then, Tompkins," said I, "you go back in the dark!"

I led on. We climbed the stairway, worn smooth by feet long since laid to rest in the churchyard. At length we surmounted the last flight of steps. We were on top of the tower.

Above us the stars showed clear. Around us the trees soughed in the mild breeze. Tompkins, breathing in the good fresh air again, was a new man.

"Glad you kept me to it," he said. "Wouldn't have missed this for worlds. . . . Crikey! What's that!"

A weird call had sounded somewhere below the battlemented parapet.

"Only an owl," I said.

"Oh, that all?" said Tompkins, trying hard to believe me.

He produced his night glass and directed it towards the glare above the city.

"Found main station," he announced.

Together we got the lamp into position. I gathered that they were duplicating this arrangement all over the thirty-mile stretch between the city and the sea in order that it might be tested just how quickly the signallers were capable of announcing the invasion (at a given time) of a foreign army, or whether it was practicable to direct a defending army's movements from the city headquarters.

"Can't think why they've put me here," said Tompkins miserably. "I ain't what you might call a quick reader, and this is first station, too. I volunteered, you know, just to look big. My pal Hallington accepted like a shot. 'Very well,' he says. 'Off you go.' And here I am. . . . . What are they jawing about now?"

He handed me the glasses. I looked for some moments.

"They're calling up T. K.," I said.

"That's me," said Tompkins. "But it ain't supposed to start till nine, and"—he referred to his watch—"it's only a quarter to yet. Half a jiff. I'll answer 'em."

He scratched his head and replied rather slowly.

"Silly arrangement, this," he commented. "Ought to have two men at least—one to read and the other to reply. I'm best at replying. Be a pal! You go on reading."

I obliged accordingly. Within two sentences, however, the position became very clear to me, for it was not of invading armies nor the disposition of defending forces that the main signalling base spoke.

I went on translating, a little haltingly, I fear, yet with a modicum of accuracy, the details of the church tower's ghost story, while poor little Tompkins quaked.

The winking light informed Private Tompkins of the mysterious death of one Sergeant Weyling, who had fallen from that tower on a grand signalling night seven years agone; how, having partaken unwisely of more hot rums than were necessary to keep out the cold, he stumbled off the parapet; how it was said that his ghost nightly mounted those stairs at the corresponding hour——

"Don't read any more, for heaven's sake! The hour is bound to be nine," said Tompkins distractedly. "It's on the stroke now. . . . What's that?"

He turned the lamp full on the last flight of worn stone slabs that led to the top of the old tower, and, surely enough, by leaning over it was possible to hear the sound of slipping, stumbling footsteps in the passage far below.

They echoed supernaturally from that weird corridor, getting ever nearer to the bottom step. Now past the dread grille of the charnel-house, surely? . . . . They carried with them all the weird suggestions ever read of in books or dreamt of in nightmares.

"Gawd!" said little Tompkins, tensely.

The footsteps stopped dead.

"If I only had my g—gun!" said the pale Tompkins, through chattering teeth.

It was so realistic that had it not been very plain to me that those at the main station intended to frighten Tompkins, and that, therefore, the steps below were probably those of Hallington or one of his compeers, I might also have given way to fear. As it was, the foolish joke annoyed me.

And now the steps started again; but this time they were duplicated and climbing the stairs.

Tompkins' face was a dead white. The matter was too serious for jest now.

"You little fool," I said, "it's only Hallington having a game with you. Listen! you never knew a ghost with four feet!"

But little Tompkins had sunk to his knees by the head of the stairway.

I shouted down.

"Hallington! Hallington!" I called out. "Drop this foolery. You're killing Tompkins!"

I heard a broken yet joyous shout.

"Tompkins there?" came the gasp. "Tompkins there?"

Then, somewhere down the spiral way, I heard a stumbling, a choking curse, and the approaching steps—the leading steps—coming nearer now, as if out-distancing the others.

And a few seconds later it was a uniformed

corporal who gained the head of the steps, breathless.

"My gad, I came to play the fool!" he gasped. "And I tell you, It's coming after me up the stairs!"

"What's coming after you?" we cried together.

"Why, the ghost—Weyling's ghost. The chap who walked off here one——"

He stopped, terror-struck, as with the steps of a drunken man, stumbling up the stone stairway, the Thing approached us.

Now traceable by the sound, It was at the head of the stairway.

But we saw nothing.

We stood, too cold at heart to utter even cries of terror.

And then those steps, stumbling on uncertainly, passed by us.

We heard a sound as of a man tripping up over the parapet. . . . Somehow we knew that the spirit of Sergeant Weyling had taken, headlong, its prescribed way. . . . We waited for the impact below . . . .

It may have been moments, it may have been hours later that we went down that accursed stairway together.

That night the main signalling base called up its first station in vain.

BEING PUNISHED.

More than once the Squire had found old Parkins's donkey standing up to his knees in one of his best clover fields and feeding luxuriously; but on each occasion when he had approached the donkey that intelligent animal had trotted off at high speed towards home, and had, moreover, taken a circuitous route to get there, so that the Squire had no definite evidence to act upon.

One day, however, on turning the corner of a hedge, he suddenly came, not only upon the donkey feeding on his clover, but also upon old Parkins, who was standing by the roadside watching it.

"You old rascal," said the Squire, "now I've got you! The last time I spoke to you about that donkey you said he wouldn't eat anything but thistles and nettles."

"Neither he will, Squire," said Parkins submissively, "but the brute kicked me on the shins this morning, and I've just put him into that clover field for a punishment."

FOR A REASON UNKNOWN.

The man who was hurt was rubbing his leg energetically.

The man who wanted to know the reason for everything came up and sympathised with him and listened to his tale of woe.

"But what made the horse kick you?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the man with the leg. "You see, at the moment I didn't feel at all inclined to go back and ask it any silly questions."

DID HE FIND ONE?

The clergyman was on the links, doing his best to play golf. He was a novice, but very enthusiastic. He was also very unsuccessful. He swiped at the ball and missed it, sometimes by half an inch and sometimes by half a yard; but, being enthusiastic, he swiped hard, and the fact that he missed sent him spinning round, and more than once it nearly upset both his equilibrium and his dignity.

The caddie was well trained, and looked on without comment, and even without smiling.

The parson took up his position once more.

This time he hit the earth about six inches behind the ball, and the head of his club went spinning into a furze bush.

The parson followed its flight, looked at the broken shaft of his club, and gazed blankly at the caddie.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the caddie, "ain't there *no* word to express it?"

THE POACHING SEASON

WHY THE COVERTS ARE NOW FILLED WITH UNINVITED SPORTSMEN.

Keepers will tell you that there is usually a striking revival of activity among poachers early in every year.

Exactly what causes this activity among the fraternity it is difficult to say, but there are a few reasons at least which are known to bring it about.

Probably hunger on the part of the poacher and his family is one cause, for during the last few weeks it has been more than usually difficult for him to stock his larder from the well-preserved coverts of his wealthy neighbours. There have been many shooting parties during the holidays, and opportunities have not been so frequent for those nocturnal expeditions which bring profit to the poacher.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Another reason is that by the end of January there have been several large "shoots," and an army of beaters have been through and through the woods many times, and have learned afresh the favourite haunts of the birds.

Now it is unhappily true that there are beaters and beaters. Some are honest, hard-working country folk; some, on the other hand, are hangers-on, idle, shiftless, drinking scamps who do not care for regular labour.

I overheard an interesting and enlightening conversation between two or three beaters a few days ago.

I had been accompanying a shooting party through some Surrey plantations, and, dropping behind (I had no gun), I wished to see the beaters at work.

AN EASY LIFE.

At the end of a splendid drive a knot of beaters were chatting and exchanging experiences. One of them a shaggy, unshaven rascal, with a straggling beard and a green, broken slouch hat, showed his hands to the others.

"First work as I've done for a long time," he said, with an air of triumph as he showed the soft palms of his hands. "And I mean to do no more when this 'ere beover."

What this chap really meant was that had by acting as a beater, gained fresh ledge of the woodlands, and intended to to useful, though illegitimate, purpose the shooting slacked off.

Thus it happens that the more there is, the better the poachers are with knowledge of use in their "trade."

They hear which plantations are to be next, and which are likely to be left for a spell, and they act accordingly.

Thus the keeper has to take measures.

He has an additional enemy in the catapult which now comes into general

Pheasants will roost up in the trees bare of every vestige of foliage. strong and silent catapult the poacher a leaden bullet or a marble with aim, and without a sound the pheasant to earth and is at once dispatched and away in a roomy pocket.

HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT.

To detect these depredators the keeper recourse to thin black cotton. In this copies the policeman.

Across the woodland paths he stretches invisible thread, lightly, so that it is broken. He knows that in the dark poacher will blunder through it without ing it, and so betray his presence.

And where the cotton threads have broken, there the keeper and his men wait.

Frequently they are successful in a capture, and the columns of the local are full of accounts of this man and being fined or imprisoned by the magis

Needless to say, a man once convicted never hired as a beater again.

H. PE

MAKE MONEY

by selling the things you do not want. You can dispose of them quickly and cheaply by advertising in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page. See the third page of cover for all particulars.

"MEN" AND WAITRESS

FACTS ABOUT SOME CITY CA

If one class of bounder is worse than fellows, then it is the type of person taking advantage of a girl's financ cumstances, does not hesitate to insult

It is common knowledge that the salary of a City waitress is by no generous—in fact, in most cases it is cient, but we are not concerned side of the question at present.

There are men, for the most part men—upon whose presence in the w business of the City does not entirely —who take a delight in making eyes girls who serve them in the lunch hou if possible, of making appointments them.

A favourite practice which is indu by these gentry is to produce a co theatre tickets, scan them closely, and catch the eye of the particular waitress whom fortune has favoured a plentiful of good looks. If their inquiring gaze with a look of blank astonishment, or are quietly ignored, they pocket their of free amusement and try elsewhere.

If, however, as is often the case, seems not ill-pleased with the offer, ticket is carefully slipped under the pl the clever young "gentleman" looks to a good time at the theatre.

Girls do not realise the temptati which they lay themselves open wh accept such offers from entire strange as their actions show, can be nothing

It often happens, however, that the loving-with-strange-ladies young man himself sitting next to an entirely person from the one he had hoped expected.

C. H. S

oarding Yourself

EPENDENCE AND ECONOMY FOR THE BACHELOR.

y intention in writing these actual experi- ot myself and a chum is to try and help readers whose wages are not very large, who wish to economise so as to enable to put a little by for the proverbial day.

one sees an article on "How to live -and-such a sum per week," it invari- suggests an idea of restricted and stinted of tasteless dishes which are by no fitted to keep a healthy man going. arry out the plans suggested successfully ally involves a good deal of extra trouble your landlady, for which, as a rule, she ts to be paid. In my experience of different kinds of digs, I have occa- y come across a real motherly old soul willing to do anything for the comfort happiness of her "boys," but unfor- ely such landladies are rarely to be met

ne ordinary fellows, not earning all depends upon the amount do each week—but our average per week.

KS OF DIGS

is out-of-doors in all weathers, provides us with vigorous and d appetites.

the usual "board-residence" digs pensive for us, and also were very factory, as we had very little control he food supply. Unless we were pre- for a battle royal with the landlady, to put up with what we were supplied; we were not sure of a permanent which is essential for our work. last, however, we hit upon a plan which would satisfactorily in every way for months, and will continue to do so no doubt.

gan by looking out for an empty a nice district, and were not long in a fair-sized six-roomed house with a at the front and back. It was in a reet of only six houses altogether, so not over-crowded.

TION OF ATTENDANCE

interviewed the agent, and he agreed to e to us at a rental of 9s. per week, g rates.

ained to him that we intended back part to some respectable occupying the two front rooms and furnishing them.

had no difficulty in finding likely tenants ould be pleased to come and live with ing us 4s. a week and attending to us ing the rooms, getting meals ready, forth.

er, before we finally settled, the house old us that he had a widowed sister ould be pleased to furnish the house out and occupy the back part, also ing us with coal and light, and attending wants. Of course, we closed with the which saved us the expense of fur- our rooms among other things.

E OF COMFORT.

duly installed, and after a week up our abode in our house.

rooms were most comfortably furnished, good carpet on the floor, two fine arm- a few good pictures on the walls, a for the "grub," and two tables, leather-topped writing table.

would take some beating as a picture ely comfort to see us (two men and a with a bright fire glowing in the grate, alight, with a red shade on it which

makes the room look very cosy, we are deep in our respective chairs and books, with pipes going and the old dog between us lying full length on the rug.

Our bedroom was also well set out with plenty of pegs, a wardrobe, chest of drawers, a roomy washstand and two comfortable single beds.

Now to our mode of living, and I think you will admit that for what we pay a week we live pretty well.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SOUNDS.

Most men hate the sound of the words "boarding yourself." It seems to present vast difficulties and inconveniences, but I can assure you that it is not so. When you have mastered the objection to shopping (many men are shy of shopping) you will find no difficulty at all.

Our grocer's bill is usually as follows, although we often alter it:

	s.	d.
1lb. butter	1	2
2lb. sugar	0	5½
¼lb. tea	0	9
1lb. cheese	0	8
Eggs and bacon	2	6
Coffee	0	5½
Total	6	0

Our milk and bread is delivered each day and we settle the bills each week. The milk costs us 7d., and the bread, including fancy loaves and cake, 2s.

Our washing is done by our lady of the house and the bill generally runs to 2s.

OUR BUDGET.

Being out all day we have dinner wherever we happen to be, and it will probably surprise some to learn that, in the country at least, one can get a very fair dinner, including meat, vegetables, and pudding, for 7d.

On Sundays we get our dinner at home, and this usually amounts to 1s. 6d. for the two.

Our "board residence" bill for the week is as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Groceries	0	6	0
Milk and bread	0	2	7
Dinners for the week	0	8	6
Beer	0	1	6
Washing	0	2	0
Rent	0	9	0
	1	9	7

The total amount being halved leaves us on an average just under 15s. each to pay. We of course vary the items, but reckon never to exceed this amount.

As compared with our former life in diggings, we live far better, are more independent and much more comfortable, and can do what we like without fear of raising the landlady's wrath; our house is our castle, it is our "place" instead of our "digs."

THE ECONOMY OF IT.

If we had had to furnish the rooms ourselves, we could have done so comfortably with £10 judiciously expended at a second-hand furniture shop.

Of course, two friends could adapt our methods with regard to the board if they preferred to stick to rooms, but it would be impossible to get as good rooms at the same price.

At any rate, we would not change our mode of living for the old life in digs. Not the least satisfactory part of it is that we shall save quite a nice sum for our next holidays.

One day one of us may meet his fate, and after the happy event bring home to "our place" a new "lady of the house."

G. P. WHITE.

BIRMINGHAM AND KNICKERS.

It is a fact, observed and commented upon by most visitors to Birmingham, that very many of its inhabitants seem to have a strange liking for knickerbockers and stockings. In fact, the stranger might be excused for thinking that many of them had just jumped off their bicycles, were it not for the fact that the rest of their costume consists of an overcoat and bowler.

Breeches and leggings are to be found in every town nowadays, but the knickerbockered and stockinged leg seems to be peculiar to Birmingham. It would be interesting to know the explanation of this local predilection.

PLAYING FOR MONEY.

IS IT ADVISABLE?

When once indulged in card-playing for money exercises a strange fascination over people of a certain temperament, and not a few parties of such men spend nearly all their free evenings in the pursuit of cards for the excitement afforded by the small stakes involved.

We say small stakes, because the amount of money risked in the early stages of the born gambler's career is insignificant. But the amount always grows with time, and to such an extent that many young men whose weekly pay envelopes contain not more than a couple of pounds play bridge, nap, banker, or even old-fashioned whist for stakes which endanger the week's entire screw.

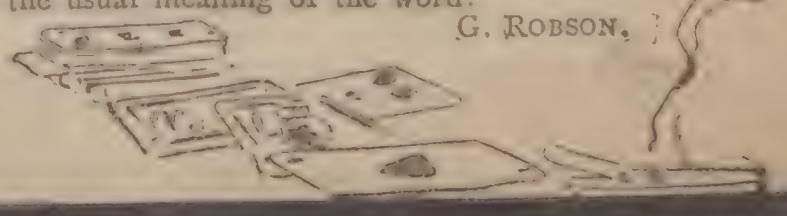
The consequences of possessing a gambler's spirit, and also an ability to obtain the worst cards in the pack time after time, have led to the ruin of many otherwise straight men.

Clerks in banks, for instance, are open to many temptations, and it not infrequently happens that the young gambler's business career ends prematurely.

Of course, it may be argued that men in banks are open to temptation whether they gamble or not, but the average man will not jeopardise his position by embezzling money if he sees no opportunity of paying it back immediately. The man who has been continually losing at cards naturally expects a run of luck, and he believes that the money he takes he only "borrows." As often as not, however, this money follows his legitimate earnings and goes for nothing.

Men who have dealings with matters connected with stocks and shares are often prompted by similar motives; in fact, we hear of more cases of theft for "speculation" or gambling in some form or other than stealing in the usual meaning of the word.

G. ROBSON.



RAISING YOUR HAT TO OTHER MEN

A POINT OF DIFFICULTY WITH MANY.

Often a man feels a bit of a fool when he takes off his hat to another man, although it seems to him the most natural thing in the world to salute a lady in this manner.

Why this should be so it would be difficult to say. As most of us are aware, the apparently foolish custom of raising the hat as a mark of respect had its origin, like many other of the customs of etiquette, in the far-off days when men wore armour.

THE REASON FOR IT.

Why should one take off one's hat, it may be said, any more than one's gloves, or one's coat? The reason is simply that in the days when gentlemen went about screwed up in the extremely heavy and uncomfortable garments that knights had to wear in the Middle Ages, at any rate in time of war and, therefore, for the greater part of their days, it was impossible to see a man's face until he raised the visor of his helmet or took the whole contraption off.

But in these days the custom of raising the hat is only observed by many men when they meet a lady of their acquaintance

Yet surely there are members of his own sex towards whom a man may reasonably be expected to accord this slight mark of respect.

In many universities it is the custom of the undergraduates to raise their hats to a professor when they meet him, and the professor returns the compliment as a matter of course.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE CUSTOMS.

At Oxford, where professors are somewhat thick on the ground and often quite young men, the compliment is reserved for the heads of colleges.

At many public schools it is the custom for the boys to "cap" the masters, that is to say to touch their cap to them, and to reserve the more formal compliment for the headmaster only.

As may be imagined, the "capping" process not infrequently resolves itself into flicking the hand out of the trouser pocket and back again if the master is unpopular. But a popular master will usually get a respectful salute, and will acknowledge it as courteously.

RESOURCE.

I remember, in my own school days, one of the masters coming into school evidently much amused, and informing us that he had just met a boy with a pile of books in one hand and holding an umbrella in the other.

But the master had been duly capped, for the resourceful youth had tossed the umbrella up in the air, touched his cap, and caught the handle as it came down again.

At schools and universities, however, such outward marks of respect may be desirable for the sake of discipline. But should a man raise his hat to other men in after-life?

Should he, for instance, do so when he meets his employer in the street or in a corridor?

Much depends on that employer personal views on the matter. Some expect it as a right, others do not it but are pleased and flattered when the pliment is paid them, others again dislike it.

A CRITERION.

It is usually fairly easy to tell from manner how they regard the question. employer of the first kind will acknowl the salute in the most perfunctory ma perhaps merely with a nod. The second raise his own hat with a kindly smile, the third, if he does not contrive to a not to have seen you, will take off his hat great ceremony and precision, but withou further sign of recognition.

It should be an actual pleasure, ho to accord this slight courtesy to an olde whom you genuinely respect.

To the soldier or the Territorial it most natural thing in the world. Wh mufti, he raises his hat to his officers, he is himself an officer, he does so to Colonel or, indeed, to any Field Officer.

WHY DO YOU DO IT?

In the same way any man would in tively raise his hat to the King or to other member of the Royal Family.

In the last two cases, it may be said is saluting the commission of the officer the Crown. Perhaps this is so, but men searched their mind for it, I thi would usually be found an underlying fe of respect for the *man*, provided that compliment is spontaneous. If it is not taneous, it ceases to be a courtesy.

Of course, there are different ways of off one's hat. Some men on meeting a remove their hats with a graceful sw is mostly courtly if it is done natura...

But to salute a fellow man in the way, if he were as old as Methuselah dignified as the Chancellor of the Exch would be only ridiculous.

E. H. Hi...

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of me respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

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Name in full.....
(*State Mr., Mrs., or Miss*)

Address.....

.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

HIS MONEY

A SKETCH OF A "SPORT," BUT NOT A SPORTSMAN.

"E's a sport, 'e is!" said the crowd. "A rightdown good 'un!" they went on, as if to assure themselves that their judgment was an accurate one.

It was their desire to inform all and sundry that *Mr.* Harris—they always gave him the "Mr." both in his hearing and out of it—was a sportsman and a brick, a thorough-going fellow, always ready to do a fellow-creature a good turn, even if that turn was only to stand him a drink or tip him "tuppence."

A RISE TO FAME.

It was certain that had they been asked whom they considered the ideal "sport," they would have replied without hesitation: "Why, *Mr.* Harris, o' course."

It was strange that Mr. Harris, until a few years ago, was quite unknown in the town. He was merely one of the four thousand seven hundred and seventy-three others, to be accurate, and he was never long in one place.

He was quite an odd-job man, who was always changing "to better himself," as he called it, without appearing to make any real improvement in his status.

Indeed, often after one of his periodical "changes to better himself," he went through a period of fairly hard times, the new situation invariably finishing just at the moment when he needed it most urgently. He was, in brutal frankness and truth, very frequently sacked.

He never seemed to care very much, though he knew of any stocking that he or his father possessed.

A WINDFALL.

When his father died, and rumour was soon afloat that the younger "Mr." Harris—his father was always affectionately known as "Jock Harris up at the mill"—had inherited quite a nice little sum.

It was estimated by the gossips—who knew, of course—at anything between "ninety pound" and "two hundred pound." Anyway, whatever it was, "Mr." Harris came into it, for he was the only living representative of the family.

The change was magical. "Mr." Harris, the legatee, rapidly bought himself into popularity—with a certain section of the four thousand seven hundred and seventy two other inhabitants of the little town.

It did not matter that this was a minute and quite negligible section. It satisfied "Mr." Harris, and what it lacked in brains, standing, sportsmanship, it made up by obsequious, fulsome, and loud applause of "Mr." Harris and all his works—or, rather, his sayings and doings, for he never worked again after his father's death.

A PERFECT DOG.

Commencing at an indecently short interval after his father's burial "Mr." Harris appeared in a cheap and loud get-up which he was pleased to call "horsey." That he looked supremely uncomfortable and completely out of harmony with his new clothes could easily be seen. Nevertheless, he was henceforth always the centre of an admiring throng who seemed to think their hero was a perfect dog of a dashing "sport."

He had, to common knowledge, never been on a horse in his life, and not a man in the town would have trusted him with any horseflesh.

But he swaggered about, paying frequent visits to the pubs of the town, always surrounded by half a dozen companions, who drank his health with incessant regularity and fervour. "Mr." Harris was, indeed, piling up a terrific reputation as a "sport."

The truth, however, was known to those who counted in the true sporting circles of the town.

NOT IN EVIDENCE.

It was known that though "Mr." Harris often disappeared on days when big race meetings were being held, he might have been found at one of the obscure beer-houses in the back streets.

He had never been known to join any club or to give a halfpenny to their funds.

All his sportsmanship was indeed confined to talk on his part and the bubble reputation he had set afloat, with the help of much beer, among the group of admirers who seldom left him.

Like all bubble reputations, his was destaken away the edifice collapsed. He became year of the height of his popularity he began to lose his friends. His clothes were less gaudy, and sometimes even ragged.

DOWN AGAIN.

In another three months he had become again a nonentity, out of work, out of funds, out of friends. He was no longer a "sport." Whatever fortune he had possessed had been used to bolster up his terrific reputation as a "sport," and when the props were taken away the edifice collapsed. He became obscure again, and merely "Harris," glad to take "tuppences" from those who saw his misery without knowing the cause.

Not every man can "stand corn," and Harris was one of them.

F. MARSH.

THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

A valuable offer to THE MODERN MAN readers is being made in connection with the famous "Business Encyclopædia." The publishers are by special arrangement offering to send free a full quarto book describing the Encyclopædia and containing several of its useful features, such as the specimen of a will, &c. "The Business Encyclopædia" itself is a work that no ambitious young man should neglect. It is written by many of the most successful men of the day, and they have all been surprisingly candid in describing their methods. Readers desiring the free book should write to the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd., 52A, Surrey Street, London, W.C., and mention THE MODERN MAN.

A MIRACLE OF WHEELS.

SATURDAY NIGHT PHILOSOPHY IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

I suppose every man at some time drops into a "brown study"—let us hope it is very seldom a grey one—and considers things from a long range. He drops his immediate interest in the things around him and goes off in thought to their causes.

Such a mood of detachment settled upon me the other day in a quaint and ancient—no modern town is quaint—old market town lying away under the Cotswolds.

It was Saturday evening, and I had had enough cycling for the day, and determined to stay there for the night.

The country through which I had come was a thinly-populated one. Villages were separated by miles and miles of roads that seemed to have no traffic to keep the grass from the ruts.

At last I reached the town. Having rambled round the intricate passages and out through the equally intricate windings of the outer premises of the little inn I had chosen, and having refreshed myself within and without with cool liquids, I sauntered out into the market place.

There was the usual crowd of people—men, women, and children; barrows, perambulators, stalls; cheap-jacks; booths; and the man up a side street conjuring with a sword and a guinea-pig.

In the midst of it all, and knowing the nature of the country through which I had passed, it suddenly came to me as a problem. Where did they all come from? Four thousand would account for every man, woman, and child that the little town could provide. There were three times that number here.

And then it struck me that the young men of the town, instead of standing as they formerly stood in groups in the middle of the street, with their hands buried deep in pockets, were for the most part leaning over the saddles of their bicycles.

The bicycle, the little invention of two wheels, a chain, and a frame, had wrought this revolution, and many others to which my mind flitted as fast as it could work.

Not many years ago Saturday night in this and many other little towns was a much quieter time. There was, it is true, a slightly increased population. By day dog-carts and smart young men and women looked in for an hour, and then drove out to hall, and farm, and rectory; but there was little of the general movement of young men four miles round to the market town.

Previously the village and its dark lanes, and one or two public-houses and a reading-room, provided all the excitement they had.

And then came the bicycle. It is little short of miraculous, this change wrought by the advent of the bicycle.

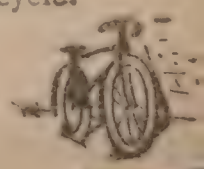
Time was, within the memory of everybody, when the bicycle was a rarity, more of a wonder than an aeroplane to-day. A "tourist," in those queer-looking tight blue serge breeches, with round pork-pie cap and silvered badge, passing through a village on a high bicycle, was a nine days' wonder.

But somebody saw a fortune—to be made in half-crowns at a time, and with long sight and knowledge of human nature, introduced into the village, through the easy-payment system, this revolutionising little machine.

It was ridiculous to expect the labourer, earning anything down to 12s. a week, to pay the £9 or £10 demanded for a bicycle.

So he was allowed to acquire one by paying a trifle weekly—anything from a shilling to three shillings—and to-day scarcely an able-bodied young man is without his bicycle.

C. EASTON-GREY.



THE WALLS OF THE DEN.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON THEIR DECORATION.

There are two sorts of pictures that a man hangs on his walls. The pictures that please him as a man and those that appeal to him as a man of taste. And the first sort includes most of the pictures of the average man.

A den is a comfortless sort of abode without pictures.

Pictures furnish as nothing else can.

A handsomely-framed print looks a hundred times better than a cheap overmantel filled with unflattering bits of mirror and ornamented with nicknacks that make physical culture exercises nerve-destroying work if the room is a small one.

I have in my mind's eye an ideal kind of a den for a lone man.

It belongs to a fine sportsman, though he is only a City clerk. It is one of those rooms designated in ads. as "a combined bed-sitting room," but no one going into it would know it.

He has a curtained-off recess for his washing-table and accessories. The curtain by the way, is of brown art serge hung on a properly-fitted bamboo pole.

The bed is simply not in evidence.

It is what is called a "box-bed," I believe, and in the day time it looks like—and for all practical purposes it is—a very comfortable roomy couch, with some large soft cushions piled up on it.

It is really a big box with a well-padded lid, and inside is a splendid receptacle for the bed-clothes and so on.

But what principally distinguishes the den is the pictures.

Over the fireplace is a big photograph frame of fumed oak, which holds about a dozen photos—a large one of his football team in the middle, and smaller ones of his pals all round it.

Between the windows—for he has two—he has hung prints taken from sporting papers mostly, and framed by himself.

These comprise past and present boxers, swimmers, and other athletes, and the best known winners on the Turf, both human and equine.

A really splendid almanac of his own invention occupies the place of honour on one wall. The dates he has taken from one he bought, as the type is large and clear, but they are pasted on a large sheet of cardboard, and as a heading for each month there is a picture of some sport and an appropriate motto.

The other wall is taken up chiefly with his fishing-tackle and his rifle, while from pegs are suspended his boxing-gloves and fencing mask, and in between are some coloured sporting prints in black frames which he has picked up at odd times—when extra flush of cash.

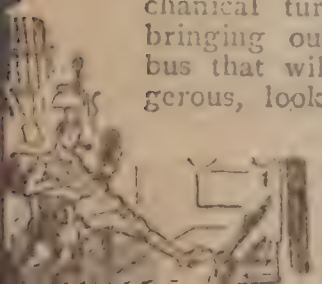
He hasn't got any near relations, so there are no family groups and he hasn't met the best little girl in the world yet—so there's not a bit of the eternal feminine about that room.

If you are fond of animals, reproductions of the works of Landseer, Briton Riviere, Rosa Bonheur, and other great animal painters, or of the black and white work of Stanley Wood, will probably find a place on your walls.

Some views of places where a jolly holiday has been spent make a welcome addition, and portraits of men you admire and those of your particular chums.

Or even a few plans if you are of a mechanical turn of mind and have visions of bringing out a perfect air-ship or a motor-bus that will be neither unpleasant nor dangerous, look very well in light oak frames.

E. BASTABLE.



MY NOTEBOOK.

HOW THINGS ARE MOVING.

Business again. I am going to keep it before your notice until I have accomplished my object—that is, until I have made THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., one of the foremost publishing concerns in this country.

At the moment of going to press with this number, we have received just over £1,000 from readers who have taken advantage of the special offer which I made, and which I am now repeating.

A thousand pounds is a very large sum, or a comparatively small one, according to your particular view. To some men it means a fortune; to others it means only a year's income.

So far as it concerns my plan in connection with THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., it does not mean very much. The extensive advertising by which I intend to make this paper known to every man in the country, will cost us many thousands of pounds. The money will be well spent, because this paper has only to be known amongst the right class of men to be appreciated and bought by them regularly.

I am going to keep this matter before your notice until all the remaining shares in the Company have been taken up, and again I print on page 10 a form of application for shares.

Once more I repeat that all the shares are fully-paid, and that there can be no other liability on your part whatsoever. Shareholders cannot possibly have further payments demanded from them on any account whatsoever.

The letters which my new partners have enclosed with their application forms have been most interesting and encouraging. The need for making the paper better known has been realised all round, and many helpful suggestions have also been made.

A LETTER.

One of these letters is, I think, worth bringing to your notice. It comes from a reader in Crewe. He writes:

"I enclose the application form duly filled up, and my cheque for £10. I am not what you would call a speculator, but I like to have better interest than the 2½ per cent. which the Post Office Savings Bank gives me. I may also say that I have for some years past taken a keen interest in a theoretical way in finance, and I have noticed the magnificent dividends which are being paid by the companies which produce weekly journals. One of them is paying 45 per cent., but the shares cannot now be had for less than three or four times their face value. Those who were shrewd enough to invest at the beginning are getting £45 every year for each £100 they invested, and they deserve the profit because they were strong enough to stand by their convictions.

"I believe that THE MODERN MAN is the best paper at present on the bookstalls, and certainly it is the only one produced within recent years that strikes a new note. That is why I am investing £10 in your company. If I possessed £1,000 I should do the same thing."

THE ADVANTAGE OF CO-OPERATION.

I have, on several occasions, realised the immense advantage of having so many partners in this business. Time and again they have helped me with suggestions and information.

I had an example only the other day.

On Monday morning a shareholder, living in a town which I had better not name, sent me a telegram, which informed me that his newsagent had not got that week's number of THE MODERN MAN, and that, although he had called on several other newsagents, he found it impossible to get that particular issue. In a word, it was not to be had in any shop in the town, and only at the railway bookstalls.

For ten minutes after the receipt of the telegram my telephone was kept busily employed, and at the end of that time I had found out in detail the manner in which the town was being supplied, and I had also made arrangements for rectifying the astonishing state of affairs which this shareholder had brought to my notice.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

The facts of the case were these, and they may possibly interest you.

The newsagents of that particular town were at that time, receiving their supplies of London periodicals from a comparatively small local middleman, who, in turn, was supplied by the large London wholesale houses.

He had got into financial difficulties, and was in arrears with his payments to the London wholesalers. The particular firm from which he received his supplies of this paper and certain others had written to him several times warning him that, if he did not pay up, they would close his account and send him no further supplies. He did not pay, and they held back the papers that should have been delivered to him on the Saturday, which papers he should in the ordinary course of events have distributed to the newsagents in time to be sold to the public when the shops opened on Monday morning.

The London wholesalers concerned did not inform us of their difficulties with the local middleman, as they certainly ought to have done, and so it happened that the newsagents in the town were without copies of this and several other weekly publications that Monday morning.

The solution was comparatively easy. I immediately dispatched one of our travellers to that town, with a large number of this week's issue, and with instructions to visit every newsagent's shop there, and to see that it was properly stocked up.

By three o'clock on the Monday afternoon THE MODERN MAN was on sale at every newsagent's in the place, but none of the other Monday papers were procurable.

I give this simply as an illustration of how useful my many partners are to me. If it had not been for that telegram, we should never have heard of the trouble until letters from newsagents came in on the Tuesday morning, and we should have lost our reputation for punctuality in delivery, so far as that town was concerned, at least.

Naturally we have taken steps to prevent such trouble in future, but we remain indebted to the sender of that wire.

FERRIS AND SELBY.

This week I present to you notice another story dealing with the adventures of that fascinating rogue, Ferris. Further stories of this series have been asked for by so many readers that I have been obliged to accede to their request, even though the inclusion of a Ferris story prevents us from printing one of Richard Selby.

Selby, however, will appear again next week, and I propose to run a Selby story and a Ferris story alternately for some weeks to come.

ON THE BOARDS.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Pélissier on the success of his Revue at the Alhambra, particularly upon the scene in which is depicted the exterior of our own Editorial offices.

Such is fame.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A MAN EVERY INCH OF HIM.

THE ENDURANCE AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE LABOURER.

The more I see of him the more I respect him, and the more readily I condone the occasional lapses from the sober path in which he undoubtedly indulges on occasion.

If you observe him you will note that these little outbursts of his are seldom, indeed never, entered upon when he has work before him.

It may be argued that he has no money for drink during the week, but money does not always hinder the country labourer from satisfying his thirst. There is a slate hanging behind the counter of every village inn, and the innkeeper who knows his man has long ago reckoned up how far he may in safety allow him to run up an account.

To the honour of the labourer it must be said that he always pays up when he draws his weekly wage. It is seldom that he has to be worried and frightened into paying.

But let us leave the subject of the labourer's drink bill. If he drinks heavily, why, so do most of us when we feel like it, and to regard the labourer as the hardest-drinking Britisher is a libel on him.

The characteristic that has always given me a profound admiration for him is his unmatched endurance.

There is no man who has such a stiff time of it in general and who at the same time sticks to it without a grumble year in year out.

It is only when you live next door to him that you really see what he lives on, what he and his have learned by hard experience to do without, and how, without a trace of envy he sees others better provided for, and yet is uncomplaining.

The difference of mental attitude between him and any average man of the "black-coat" brigade is something to ponder over. A humming, sweeping, gorgeously-furnished motor-car will boom past the garden gate. The labourer looks critically at it and at those in it. What he feels about it may be different from what he says, but if his words take their form from his thoughts then he is by no means jealous of the motorists. Rather is his attitude one of gentle contempt, almost of pity, that "some folk" must do such "rummy" things in order to make life endurable.

As for himself, he has long since learned to take a sort of satisfaction in rising between five and six every morning of every season. After a breakfast that he often cooks for himself he will throw his straw tool-bag over his shoulder and tramp off to farm or wood or field and go steadily to work for the rest of the day.

He is the most trusted man in England is the labourer. His own conscience acts as timekeeper. There is no clerk, with a clock and a book at his elbow, noting down the exact hour when the labourer cuts the first bramble from the overgrown ditch, or begins to milk the cows in the byre.

These things he does not need. There are in his work some of the elements of real, satisfying pleasure such as many a clerk poring over ledgers would give a week's salary to know.

And then he is proud. Talk to him with a patronising air and he will soon show you the cold shoulder. But approach him with interest in his work, and let him see that he is proficient in something that you have no knowledge of, and he will be glad to show you.

Nor will he do it with a view to personal conceit. The pride he takes in his work is a protective pride that gives dignity to the humble work he and his kind for ever engage in.

WALTER CRANMER.

MORE TROUBLE.

The man was a young widower, and he had a little son, aged two, of whom he was very fond.

On Sunday mornings the man took things easy and remained late a-bed. It was the little boy's privilege and delight on these mornings to slip downstairs at the first break of dawn and snuggle into bed beside his daddy.

One Monday afternoon some old lady friends called, and the little boy was brought down to be shown to them.

"And what have you been doing lately?" asked one dear old lady.

"Last night me slept with daddy!" said the little boy proudly.

The pretty young woman who acted in the dual capacity of nurse and governess was shocked at this breach of grammar.

"Tut, tut, Willie!" she said. "You ought to say 'Last night *I* slept with daddy'."

"No," said the little boy, thoughtfully, "that was the night before."

TOO WILLING.

The young man came down to breakfast. He had not a headache, he had not an unpleasant taste in his mouth, he did not wear his dressing-gown, nor was he unshaven. He was spruce and trim and punctual. It is almost wasting space to say that he was newly married.

He rubbed his hands, and beamed upon his wife, sitting at the other end of the small table.

"And what have we got for breakfast this morning, dear?" he asked.

"I'm awfully sorry," said his wife, threatening to break into tears. "It was going to be ham and eggs, but cook has burnt them all. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied the young man. "Just call her in."

And then the first tiff began.

WAITING.

The boy was the youngest member of a hunting family, and not old enough to ride to hounds even on a pony, but his heart was set upon horses and all connected with them. He particularly coveted a hunting crop which belonged to his youthful uncle, and he frankly asked his uncle to present it to him.

"You be as good as you can, youngster," said his uncle, "and I'll leave it to you in my will."

Nothing more was said on the subject till next morning. In the interim the little boy had been thinking matters over. Coming up to his uncle's chair at breakfast, he whispered: "Uncle, how long do you think you're going to live?"

UNNECESSARY EXPENDITURE.

The farmer returned from the market town, drew a bulky package from the depths of his overcoat pocket, laid it on the table, and started cutting the string.

"I've been and bought a barometer, Mary, my dear," he said, "to tell when it's going to rain."

His wife sighed.

"What's the use of such extravagance," she said, "when times are so bad? Why do you want a barometer to tell you when it's going to rain? What do you think Providence gave you the rheumatics for?"

CONJURING.

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HILL'S

Nyasa

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Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet at a moderate price. A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it to-day. You will be delighted.

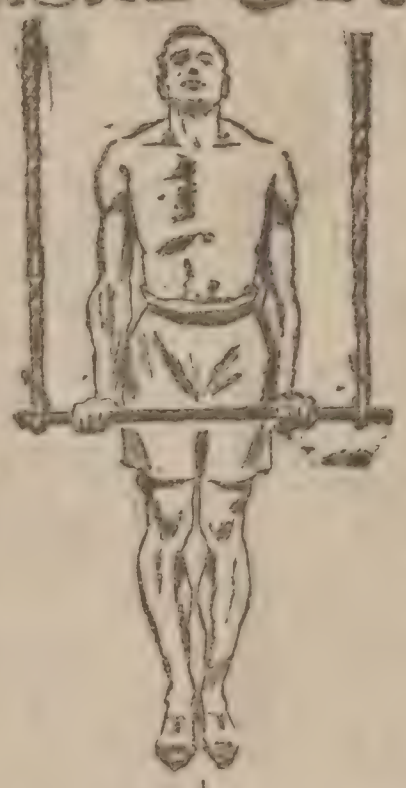
Price **5d.** per oz. Cartridges, **5½d.**

NYASA MIXTURE can also be obtained extra coarse cut, "Scotch Blend," at the same price.

NYASA CIGARETTES. 10 for 3d.

If you are unable to obtain Hill's "NYASA" send a postcard to the sole makers, **R. & J. HILL, Ltd., 175, Shoreditch, E.,** who will supply List of Agents and Free Testing Samples if desired.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

BEING THOROUGHLY HUNGRY.

I have spoken before of the advisability of an occasional short fast when your inside is a little out of order, but on those occasions you are probably not hungry.

You have to be in pretty good health to be really hungry.

Too many men never allow themselves to be so. They kill their appetite for their meals by frequent "snacks"

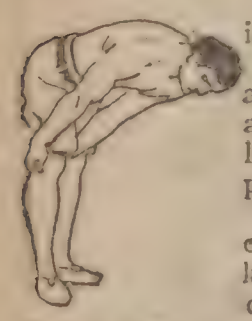
But a good healthy hunger is not only the best appetiser, but the best digestive.

If you have ever done any soldiering, you probably have a very fair idea of what real hunger means. You know the appetite you have for the most unappetising meals at camp, and the way in which your digestive organs seem to cope with the most indigestible of food.

I do not imply that a man should deliberately starve himself for a time, for regular meals are essential to physical well-being, but I do say that it is foolish to prevent yourself from ever feeling hungry by continual snacks between meals.

A RESISTANCE EXERCISE FOR THE LEGS, BODY, AND ARMS.

In previous numbers I have given several exercises of which the value depends upon one set of muscles being exerted to the fullest extent against another, thus making the body itself supply the resistance that is to be derived from an expanding or weighted developer.



Keep the leg unbent.

The exercise here illustrated is of the same type.

Stand with the heels together and the toes pointed outwards and bend forward, keeping the legs unbent, until the body is parallel with the floor.

Now clasp the fingers of each hand behind the right knee, extending the thumbs down the side of the leg.

By exerting the full force of the body muscles endeavour to raise the leg, still without bending it, and at the same time exert the muscles of the leg to prevent its being raised.

The body will naturally win in the tussle that ensues, but it must not be allowed to have all its own way.

Keep the tension up without in any way relaxing it for about a minute. Then transfer the grip to the other knee and repeat the process.

The muscles of the back and thighs will be those chiefly developed by this exercise.

FOR ARMS, SHOULDERS, AND CHEST.

For this exercise you will need the walking-stick that we have requisitioned in former exercises.

Stand erect with the feet about eighteen inches apart and grasp the stick with both hands a short distance from the ends.

Notice the position of the arms.

Raise it to the position shown in the sketch so that it touches the chest. The wrists should be raised as much as possible and the elbows kept up. Do not drop the wrists and place the elbows against the sides.

Now thrust the stick away from you and extend the arms straight in front of you, keeping them at the level of the shoulders.

Return smartly to the starting position, and continue the same movements without pause about a dozen times.

The exercise is, as will be seen, an extremely simple one, but do not on that account do it limply, or it will be worse than useless. You must put into it all the vigour of which you are capable.

And above all, in bringing the stick back to the body, keep the hands and elbows in the position illustrated if you want to get the full benefit of the exercise for the chest, which is thus expanded.

The arms and shoulders also profit by the vigorous practice of this exercise.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the heels together clasp the hands at the back of the head.

Now rotate the body slowly to the forcing it round until the arms are as as possible at right angles to their original position.

Then return slowly to the starting point, pause a moment and continue the movement to the right.

Special care must be taken to keep the feet firm and not to shift them at all, or to bend the knees or turn the hips.

The muscles principally exercised will be the external oblique, but all the side muscles will be greatly developed, if the only movement is above the hips.

Be careful not to allow the hands to press the head forward, but keep it upright by fixing the gaze on some object above you.

MILK FOR THE CULTURIST.

The man who has paid any attention questions of diet knows that milk is a valuable article of food, if it is taken in right way, but a dangerous one if it is wrongly, or if it is not perfectly pure.

Its purity is pretty well looked after the Government, but the culturist who milk must see that he does so in such as to give his digestion a chance.

If it is consumed in quantity the coagulates in the stomach and the masses not broken up sufficiently when through the intestinal canal for the digestive juices to get to work on them.

Therefore it is advisable always to something to eat with the milk, since this prevent the formation of large masses casein in the stomach.

Bread-and-milk, for instance, is far digestible than milk alone, and a bowl of it taken before going to bed is a very body-builder.

I know of several well-known athletes would not think of missing it.

Milk is, of course, of special value food in cases of illness, for it does not irri the alimentary canal, and life can tained on it alone for a long period.

Boxing, Ju-jitsu, Wrestling, Weight-Li...
and exercises for health, strength, and development taught privately, in classes, and Junior Sporting Club. Very moderate terms. Tuition by post a speciality. Boxing Gloves and postal lessons, 10s. Sweaters (wool) from 3s. 6d. Punch Balls from 6s. 3d. Other sporting outfits, &c., at equally low prices. Illustrated Book on Ju-jitsu and particulars for two penny stamps from
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When tired do you know the value of a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

S.H.B.

What do You Know about Business?

An Article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer, in an off-handed sort of way:

"Why, I am *in* Business—I am a Business-man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub! He *ought to do.* But does he?

Let me put the same question to you.

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception, you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know, confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet without this Business knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire To.

It is only necessary to look around, to read the daily papers, to listen to the gossip of the day, to realise that in no department of life into which intelligent men put sound knowledge and ability and "sticking in" qualities are the rewards so sure, so soon realised, and so lasting as in the great and increasingly-important world of Business.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business, or calling? Do you understand the manufacturing of the goods you are concerned with or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

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The Knowledge that is Your Stock-in-Trade.

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Slave-driven

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

Mr. Albert (otherwise known as "Tiddley") Winks, the bootmaker, did not hesitate for long.

Upon his table his dinner had stood for some time, for Mrs. Winks had not taken into account the fact that it was Manchester Handicap day, and therefore one of those days upon which her husband was certain to be late for dinner—for was there not an important question to be discussed at all the fashionable public-houses of the neighbourhood—viz., "What's going to win the Manchester Handicap?"

It is sad, in these advanced days, to write of the undoubted existence of a narrow mind displayed by Mrs. Winks.

It is horrible to relate that the urbane, big, strong, massive Mr. Winks had cause to display his temper.

Mrs. Winks's final gibe that "gentlemen wot likes their 'taters cold had better eat 'em so," went straight to the raw of Winks.

"The bleatin' woman isn't born 'oo's goin' to jaw at *me*!" he said, and, hesitating no longer, he flung the tureen-full of cold potatoes on to the kitchen range—with evident intention to hurt the potatoes.

Then he stood, tureen in hand, only deterred from hurting that also by the fact that he knew he would have to replace it in case of fatal injury. But, with his fork raised dramatically above his head, he felt he was making a stand for oppressed Manhood—that wretched, scheming, dictatorial Woman had in him a hard nut to crack.

"'Oo the 'ell do you think you're jawin' at?" he yelled through the narrow passage that led to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Winks, with the air of a martyr, was sitting darning the knickerbockers of her son.

"Sure I ain't said a word!" said Mrs. Winks, "not a word. But if you come home at this time you must put up with the consequences—that's all. The month's rent is due a-Monday and there's two soles and heels, two heels only, and three sewin' jobs lyin' there in the shop at this minute—a gold-mine to your 'and, and you won't cultivate it."

"'Oo ever 'eard of cultivatin' a gold mine!" said Mr. Winks, with deep sarcasm. "You 'ad some bloomin' education, *you* 'ad, only I don't think! No, Mrs. Winks. I'll admit you're a sight too good for me. Wish I'd never chucked up the nice little thirty-bob-a-week job I 'ad to become master on my own.

"Master!" Mr. Winks sneered. "Master! Why wot am I in creation but a pore slave, driven by you! There *was* times (afore I was ass enough to fix up the shed as a workshop an' hang a board outside the door), there *was* times when I was a free man—when I could go out and 'ave my drinks, no one objectin', an' come 'ome when I liked when work kept me. But now, even my attempts at improvin' my standin' with possible customers *you* ticket as 'laziness and love o' beer!' Bah, woman! Carnegie with you as a wife would be griddlin' in the streets of London to-day——"

From the workshop there came a knock, three times repeated.

"Comin', comin'!" called Mr. Winks, and, bolting a luke-warm piece of meat, he wiped his hands on the table-cloth and sallied forth.

"Might just set these heels up for me, will you, Winks," said a young man, evidently an old acquaintance of Mr. Winks.

"'Arold," said Mr. Winks impressively, "do you know you're encouragin' slave-drivin'?"

"Great Scot, I pay you for jobs you do for me, don't I?"

"Yes—yes. It ain't that I'm complainin' about. Your father and me were pals, 'Arold, good old pals. I'm only tryin' to learn you a lesson. You're a tinsmith by trade, ain't you, and it's odds you've got a young woman——"

"I 'ave. But what the 'ell's that got to do with settin' up my 'eels?"

"It ain't nothin' to do with settin' up your 'eels"—Mr. Winks had led him down to the shop—"it's to do with your h-ambitions, young man. Don't set *them* up. Don't marry your young woman. Carry on with 'er, but don't marry 'er!"

"Look 'ere, Mr. Winks," said his customer, "if you think I've got engaged—engaged, mind you—to a girl of *that* sort, well, you're mistaken, Mr. Winks. I flatter myself that Miss Florrie——"

"Yes, that's just it! You flatter yourself. My boy, I'm older than you," said Mr. Winks, heavily. "I can see the way you're goin'. You're saving money. 'Ow do I know that? Why, by the boot-protectors you hammers in yourself. You're savin' money, 'Arold, to start in business for yourself. Now, don't deny it. You are!"

Mr. Winks pointed an accusing finger at his customer, so that no mistake could be made of his meaning.

"You, 'Arold," he went on, "'ave got a little business in your eye—small at first, like this. You don't want the expenses of a shop. You're goin' to bag your guv'nor's customers (who don't care a tinker's dam about the shop as long as the work's good), and you're goin' to set up in a back shed in the kitchen-garden same as me. For what purpose, 'Arold, for what purpose? Mark my words, my boy, you're goin' to make a slave of yourself and a slave-driver of your intended missus. You'll be 'ounded off to mend kettles and solder up tin things just when you feel a glass o' bitter (if it's in the morning) or a snooze (if it's in the afternoon) would just about meet your requirements at the moment."

Mr. Winks crossed to the little stove and cheered up the fire a little.

"But I suppose it's no use talkin' to you, 'Arold," he said. "Like me, you'll know your Fate. You'll be slave-drove, that's what you'll be!"

He settled himself down in an ancient but comfortable high-backed chair, alleged to be reserved for customers. The young man, smoking the cigarette of cynicism, prepared to go.

"'Afore you leave me, 'and me that polishin' duster, will you? Thanks."

Mr. Winks put it over his face.

"This is a 'andy thing for keepin' the sun off," he said, sleepily. "Mark my words, 'Arold, if you go into business for yourself arter you're married you'll be slave-drove—slave-drove!"

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STORIES—WITH A MORAL.

A HIGHLY IMPROVING COLUMN.

[Our tame philosopher has recently evolved the idea that to the serious student of morals —and other things—a careful perusal of the newspapers should afford considerable food for thought. In support of this theory he has selected haphazard from the papers items of news which he considers to point a moral, and in each case he has appended that moral. We wish it to be understood, however, that we do not necessarily identify ourselves with any of his views.—EDITOR.]

A billiard-marker has just been sentenced to six months' hard labour for robbing a lady at Waterloo Station. MORAL: To go into the pocket is always a hazard.

* * *

Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, says the "Daily Chronicle," recently filled the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, almost to splitting point. MORAL: Always cut your play according to the size of your knickerbockers.

* * *

The scheme for the erection of a Winter Garden on the Palace Pier at Brighton has been approved by the Town Council. MORAL: If loving couples insist on going on the pier even in winter, you must make things easy for them.

* * *

"It is only Mr. Asquith's Veto which prevents the Conciliation Bill going through," said Mrs. Pankhurst at Dover. MORAL: Women don't want the Veto but the Vote.

* * *

Several ladies, including Mme. Franck and the Baroness de la Roche, were injured during the past year while aviating. MORAL: Ladies should not be high fliers.

* * *

A writer says that "work is a devil that devours the joy of life, if we do not keep it under restraint." MORAL: Go into the Post Office.

* * *

Dr. Max Nordau observed recently, "People do not shrink from possessing children out of fear of their own discomfort, but from fear of the hardships that threaten insufficiently provided and endowed children." MORAL: If you possess any children, *give 'em away*.

* * *

Mrs. Despard has said, "We have done with the lady who does not like to spoil her hands with any kind of toil." MORAL: If you wish the Suffragettes to leave you in peace don't spoil your hands, &c.

* * *

The "Daily Chronicle" recently had a headline, "Sad End of Struggle for Bread." MORAL: Don't Struggle for Bread. Struggle for money to buy cake.

S. J. STEVENS.

Big Game Hunting in Britain.

SOME SPORTING CHASES AFTER ESCAPED PETS.

It is not often that the excitement of a big-game hunt can be enjoyed in this country, but an opportunity does sometimes occur.

Most readers will remember how the pet bear of the King's Royal Rifles escaped during the last Christmas holidays from his quarters at Shorncliffe Camp. It was reported that he broke from his hut owing to an excess of energy consequent upon a beer and beef banquet on Christmas Day.

Whether some daring spirit connived at the bear's escape or not, the few men who were left in camp had many an hour's exciting bear-hunt before he was discovered in a store-room only a mile from home.

"VERY INSULTING LANGUAGE."

Regimental pets seem to have a way of escaping. Not very long ago Philip, the pet bear of the 2nd Life Guards, escaped from the Albany Barracks, Regent's Park.

It climbed a tree in the front garden of a neighbouring house and growled at a policeman who passed. On his return to the station the constable reported that a motorist in a fur coat was sitting in the branches of a tree in front of a certain house, and was using very insulting language.

By this time, however, the escape had been discovered at the barracks, and a hunt was organised. When the sportsmen reached the garden, they found that Philip had sought another tree, but again he betrayed himself by insulting growls. They endeavoured to coax him down, but that had no effect; then they threw things at him, but again they failed; then they hid in the shade and waited.

Presently Philip came down and began to lope across the street. Corporal Wallace, Philip's special guard, borrowed a policeman's truncheon and broke it on Philip's head, but Philip trotted on little the worse.

THE HOME-COMING OF PHILIP.

Apparently he was home-sick, for he scaled the barrack walls and climbed a tree in front of the hospital. Then he began to feel cold, and come down to the warm straw of his den.

The most ridiculous wild beast hunt this country has ever known was the recent kangaroo chase at Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex. A local gentleman, as a practical joke, inserted an advertisement in one of the Essex papers announcing that five kangaroos had escaped from his house, offering £1 reward for each.

It may be said at once that the kangaroos did not exist. Nevertheless, immediately after the appearance of the advertisement kangaroos were seen everywhere. One old lady announced that two had jumped into her garden and jumped out again.

Then the originator of the joke announced that the only way to attract a kangaroo's attention was to make a cry like a peacock, and thereupon everybody cried like peacocks, but even that failed to work.

Next he announced that possibly the animals might be attracted by the aromatic "kangoo nut"—which, by the way, is also non-existent—and the local grocers were overwhelmed with orders for kangoo nuts.

NOT GUILTY.

Finally the advertiser received a message from an indignant labourer, informing him that "one of your cangrews 'as bit the pint off my finger, and I wants your money." Investigations showed that the criminal was in this case a weasel, but the advertiser thought the joke had gone far enough and offered his explanations to an indignant neighbourhood.

Sir Edmund Loder, of Horsham, the owner of the second best private zoological collection in the country, recently lost several kangaroos. They escaped to St. Leonards Forest, and some were seen shortly afterwards near Crawley. The farmers had heard that the kangaroos did great damage to crops, and when Sir Edmund's servants succeeded in capturing only one of the runaways there was much studying of natural history books over farmhouse fires, and, when it had been found what kangaroos specially liked, poison was laid down on tempting tit-bits. It was very unsportsmanlike, but thus were the kangaroos exterminated.

H. P. GRANT.

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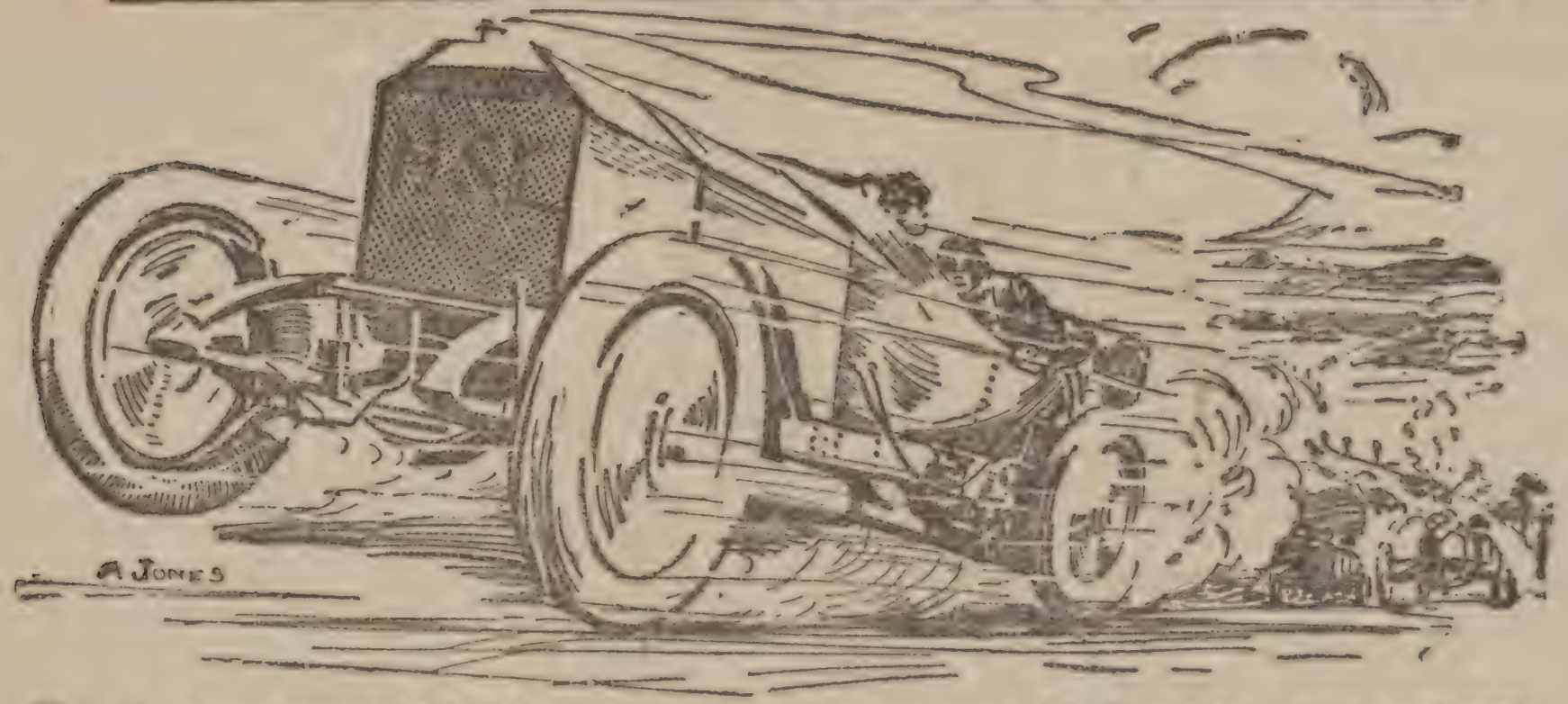

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE VALUE OF INQUISITIVENESS.

In the days of childhood, when we asked a question, we were probably told not to be inquisitive, or informed that little boys should be seen and not heard, and so after [illegible] we got into the habit of taking things for granted, and refrained from asking further about things we could not understand.

But that sort of spirit is not going to take us far in any kind of business.

Some day, perhaps, a boy will be able to learn the rudiments of business as part of the ordinary school curriculum, but that day, for some unaccountable reason, seems as far off as ever.

A boy who is intended for the Army, the Navy, the Church, the law, or medicine, spends time in acquiring the necessary knowledge for his profession; but if he is destined for a commercial career he is pitchforked suddenly into it as soon as he leaves school without any special knowledge even of the language of business.

Half the knowledge he has spent so much time acquiring will be of little use to him, and he will need to be thoroughly inquisitive if he is to win success.

But to be eternally asking questions of his chief or even of his fellows in the office would be a fatal means of gratifying this necessary curiosity. It would only bring the reputation of being a bore, and the fountains of information would soon dry up.

Far more can be learned by simply keeping one's ears open and noting down phrases or technicalities that one does not understand, to look them up later in a reference book or to ask some expert outside the office.

Often the newcomer is given a guide, philosopher, and friend who is told off to put him up to the ropes, but if the beginner is content with what he is told about the business and displays no further inquisitiveness he will learn but little. Things that seem simple and not worth explaining to the Mentor will be Greek to him, and a few pointed questions will be necessary to extract the desired information.

The man who gets on wants to know the reasons of things. For instance, how many men frequently read, and even write, such abbreviations as "inst.," "prox.," or "per pro," and yet cannot explain exactly what they mean or stand for, or how they come to mean it.

How many young business men are there who would be quite unable to say off-hand the postage of a four-ounce letter to New York or the four quarter days of the year. Yet these are typical details of general information that it may be at times very necessary to possess. The information is easy to find, but one cannot always be consulting a work of reference on such trifles.

A superficial knowledge of the law on certain points is another thing which the sensibly inquisitive man will acquire. It may be apparently quite unnecessary, it may not tend to his immediate advancement, but it may save him from a serious mistake when some decision has to be taken quickly, or it may be useful when difficulties arise.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

INVESTMENT VERSUS SPECULATION.

There are many of my correspondents who fail to distinguish between investing money and speculating with it.

When you speculate you do not buy shares outright, but simply put up a certain sum of money which gives you the option to buy certain shares if you desire to do so.

This sum is called your "margin." If the shares fall a few points your margin is lost. If they rise, you can sell out at a profit.

The speculator does not wait for dividends, and he has no intention of permanently holding the shares he buys. He looks for his profits in a rise in the market price of the shares he has bought, and, such a rise being always uncertain, he should not speculate unless he can afford to lose the money.

The investor, on the other hand, buys shares which he means to keep permanently, and he pays for them outright. He may, of course, sell them eventually, but his profits come not from a rise in the price of the stocks, but from the dividends.

For the speculator, the most promising shares are those of mining and rubber companies.

For the investor, on the other hand, a sound commercial company is by far the best, especially when he can secure the shares of a young company, as these can be bought at par and not at an enhanced price. At the present time there is a special opportunity for investors in the shares of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., especially as the founder is presenting a section of his own Deferred shares to all new shareholders. The opportunity of taking shares in such a company and upon such advantageous terms should not be missed.

CAMP BIRD SHARES.

Camp Bird Shares seem to be fairly on the move at last. I have strongly recommended a purchase of these shares in these columns on many occasions, the last time being only as recently as the 31st December issue, when the price was round about 32s. The price is now 36s. 6d., and the usual quarterly dividend of 1s. has been declared in the interval.

The best French financial houses, who know a good thing when they see it, and who make few mistakes when they buy on our markets, have been buying these shares in "lumps" for some time past, and when the new mine in Mexico—purchased some time ago by this company for £900,000 cash—the Santa Gertrudis—starts producing, the shares ought to double in value.

The Option Certificates, which I recommended some time ago at about 3s. 6d., are now 6s. 6d.

THE MARKETS.

Nearly all markets on the Stock Exchange are good, and there is a very great demand for investment, especially in Trustee Stocks. This is not surprising, as trade in the country generally is good, and looks like improving.

MEXICAN COMPANIES.

The Mexican Eagle Oil Co. has struck a gusher yielding about 100,000 barrels a day, which is good news not only for the shareholders, but for the Mexican Railway Co., as the oil company are the contractors for the supply of oil fuel for the railway, and this "strike" must make a full supply a certainty, thereby effecting a saving on the present fuel bill of about £40,000 per annum.

The price of the Oil Company's shares has risen smartly on the news, as have the stocks of the Mexican Railway Co.

IS AN OIL BOOM COMING?

I wonder if the oil boom is coming at last. The "gag" in the City amongst those who ought to know is "Take your seats for the Oil Boom," and I sincerely trust they are right, as we want booms to stimulate business.

There is a demand for oil fuel that cannot possibly be supplied for many years to come, as railway companies cannot convert their engines until they are assured of a full supply, and, if all the engines on the British railways alone used oil fuel, they would use three times the world's present supply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ANXIOUS" (Sheffield).—There is no need for anxiety with regard to the Birkbeck Bank. It is perfectly sound.

"BUYER" (York).—All shares of sound Rubber plantation companies are cheap now, those whose shares are quoted round about par are relatively much better bargains than those quoted at a high premium.

A. L. (Bristol).—We have received many complaints regarding the company you mention, and I understand that the Editor proposes to deal with these people.

"ALFRED" (Enfield).—You have a very good list except for the absence of any interest in rubber. As you have good profits on 5, 9, and 12, I should advise clearing them and buying some cheap plantation rubbers.

W. G. (Croydon).—Yes. G. M. Oilfields have had a good recovery lately, but I expect them to go much better still; they will be one of the market leaders.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FERRIS'S CROOKED JUSTICE

By E. WADE LANG.

It was a belief of Ferris's that success in crime depended mainly on the elaborateness of care and foresight one expended on preparation—and no doubt he was right—yet I call to mind that some of his most profitable coups were the result of sheer brilliant impromptu.

Take, for instance, the case of that unfortunate boy, Reginald Harkland.

We were on another "lay" altogether. We had, in fact, been reconnoitring the ground in connection with the prospective burglary of a country mansion, and were garbed as tramps walking along the road between the outer suburbs of Sutton and Carshalton, Surrey, at which latter place we intended staying the night.

It was the dusk of a late winter's afternoon. We had reached the first street-lamps of Carshalton, and were passing a high spike-topped wall when we heard screams.

They came from within the grounds, and there was something dreadful and terror-stricken about them.

Ferris looked at me; then he stepped back and gazed upwards at the wall, measuring it with his eye.

The screams went on. They were hoarser now and all on one note, interspersed with the harsh, savage voice of a man. Then we heard blows.

Ferris did not speak, but he put his hand on my sleeve and turned me face to the wall.

Then he climbed on to my shoulders, and, making a spring, caught a grip of two of the iron spikes and pulled himself up.

As he did so the words being uttered by the infuriated voice became audible.

"Thought to escape, did you? Thought to sneak out while my back was turned! I'll give you escape, you rat!"

Further blows followed and cries; then the bang of a door prefaced silence.

Ferris dropped lightly to the ground. He glanced up and down the deserted road, and then made for a door let into the wall a few yards away.

"What was happening?" I asked him.

"A repulsive-looking individual, more like a carrion-crow than a man, abominably ill-treating a boy," he said.

He tried the door, found it locked, and, fishing in a pocket, brought out an innocent-looking piece of wire. With this he proceeded to pick the lock.

"Here," said I, rather unnecessarily, "what are you up to?"

"Satisfying curiosity," he answered, in the cold voice of anger. "Did you hear that word 'escape'? An ugly word, Burke, suggestive to me of prison. I'm going in."

"What on earth for?" I exclaimed. "It's madness."

"You didn't see what I saw," he said. "A miserable, half-starved, puny youngster ——" He ground his teeth.

"But it's probably only a bad case of filial disobedience," I remonstrated.

"Bah! no father talks of escape to his son! And in any case such insensate brutality ought to be stopped."

I sought to point out the danger of our mixing ourselves up with what did not concern us, and the reckless folly of forcing an entrance in daylight, but he would not listen; and in another minute the door was open, and he was slouching ahead with tramp-like gait along a narrow, moss-grown path leading to a square-built white house of exceedingly decrepit appearance. The windows apparently had not been cleaned for years, and the garden was in a hopelessly neglected condition.

Ferris knocked and waited, laces in his left hand, and a steely glint in his eye.

We had not long to wait. The door was pulled as much ajar as a chain-bolt would allow, and a lean, black-clothed man looked through—a man with a big head which hung forward a little, cadaverous cheeks, thin lips, and dull eyes like the surface of a dirty pool.

"What brings you here?" he rasped out. "How did you get in?"

"Through the garden door, mister," said Ferris.

"It's a lie. You couldn't have done. It's locked."

"It's open now, at all events," said Ferris. "See for yourself," and he stood aside.

"How is that, I wonder?" muttered the man, and he gazed at us in turn with open suspicion.

"Could y' do with a pair of laces, mister?" began Ferris. "We're a couple of hard-workin' chaps, dead down on our luck."

"No, damn you!" was the vindictive retort. "Get off these premises at once."

"No call to get shirty, old cock."

"If you don't, I'll make it hot for you."

"What'll ye do?" demanded Ferris insolently.

"I shall send for the police."

"Send away, then. I doubt if you dare. They might arsk questions about that kid you've got shut up in here—questions you might find it inconvenient to answer—eh, Mister Cemetery Phiz?"

The lean man's nostrils dilated.

"So you've been listening to the tittle-tattle of the villagers, have you?" he said. "Well, none of them can tell you what I'm not willing to tell you myself. I'm the tutor of the young gentleman who resides here, and who unfortunately is an epileptic, requiring unfailing personal attendance. Also, when his attacks are bad I am forced to keep him under close confinement."

"And so you live alone with him," guessed Ferris sarcastically, "so as no other tender lovin' hands but yours shall touch him."

"My domestic arrangements are my own concern," was the rasping rejoinder.

"Don't deny it," said Ferris cheerfully. "But all the same you seem mighty afraid of anybody gettin' a peep inside your house, and seein' its goings-on. I bet you daren't open that door a bit wider, mister."

"I shall be forced to take a drastic step unless you take your leave at once," said the lean man, threateningly.

"What?" sneered Ferris.

"This," said the lean man, returning after being absent a moment, and he levelled a double-barrelled shot-gun through the aperture of the door.

"Here, mister!" cried Ferris, with well-simulated alarm. "Be careful with that thing."

"Take yourself off, then."

"We're goin'. . . . Come on, Burke; the cove ain't safe. He's balmy."

And he shuffled off down the path, a very suddenly cowed ruffian, myself following.

After five minutes tramping in silence, he said in his natural voice—

"Well, I ascertained the most important thing."

"What was that?" I asked. "That he and the boy live alone?"

"No, that he keeps no dogs."

"How do you know that?"

"Because, my dear Burke, he would certainly have set them on to us in preference to brandishing his gun."

"But," said I, puzzled, "what's the connection? In what way does the fact interest us?"

"Simply," he answered, "that dogs are a burglar's worst enemy, and we are going to enter that house to-night to learn, if possible, from the boy's lips, what game is being played within those prison-like walls. For that something is going on which common humanity—even the humanity of a cracksman—demands should be stopped, I am solemnly convinced.

"We'll take a hand in this, old Irishman, and enjoy the novel consciousness of virtue afterwards. It's not often we can undertake an enterprise with honesty in our hearts."

Which sentiment almost makes me regret to have to chronicle that, before the enterprise was concluded, we were guilty not only of various dishonest practices, but of reaping much illicit reward.

II.

The hour was not yet ten when we negotiated the wall by means of a rope of champagne corks on the iron spikes, and dropped down on the other side.

We had chosen this early hour because it seemed likely we should have more chance of communicating with the boy before the lean man had gone to bed than after. And in any case time to study the house and lay out the ground was essential.

Ferris left me in the shadow of the wall and departed without a sound. He was absent for about twenty minutes.

Then he reappeared, and whispered:

"He's at the back of the house, in a sort of kitchen, reading. I could plainly see him through a crack in the blind. He's alone."

With that he led me to the dark side of the house, where there was an ordinary sash window, and presently a soft splintering of wood showed that he was forcing the catch.

The window had been gently slid up only a little way when the loud jangling of a bell broke out with startling abruptness.

"A burglar-alarm!" I whispered.

"Not it!" answered Ferris, unperturbed. "You can surely tell an electric bell when you hear one. That was rung by an old-fashioned pull arrangement, probably at the front door."

We stood motionless, hearing faint footsteps, the rattling of a chain-bolt, and then voices.

"A caller," announced Ferris, *sotto-voce*.

Then suddenly, under his breath:

"By Jove, old Irishman! how did the beggar get in with both the garden entrance locked? Is he a fellow-conspirator?"

The voices drew near. Nearer still. And all at once Ferris gripped my wrist muttering "Down."

For the very room into which we were tempting to enter was suddenly flooded with

and two men were speaking. Fortu- for us, the yellow blind was drawn. could clearly overhear their conversation ished.

say he's getting weaker?"

"Not improving, rest assured."

"Be very careful that you don't overdo it. anything that happens—must appear natural. a post-mortem were held——" The voices low.

. . . then let us go upstairs and see stay long."

said the same speaker finally. "I can't

Ferris drew me away into the shelter of the bushes.

"Don't remain here," he said. "I can see to this. Go and wait till this fellow comes out, and then follow him wherever he goes. See if you can find out who he is and where he lives. Don't forget to throw the rope with."

Without questioning I obeyed, and it was hardly one o'clock when I let myself into our flat in Chancery Lane possessed of the information which he required.

Ferris did not come home that night. It was noon before I saw him. Then I told him that the man's name was Mr. Howard Beghouse, that he resided in a substantial semi-detached house in the suburb of Norbury, was married, had four children, and was apparently a highly-respected member of the community (which details the barman of an hotel adjacent to Mr. Beghouse's residence, had kindly volunteered).

Ferris did not appear to be very much interested. He thanked me, went on with his rapid change into the orthodox raiment of the City gentleman, revealed a galling disinclination to talk, and promptly went out again.

Two hours passed. Then a wire reached me, reading:

"Get yourself up in your best, and meet me at Victoria Station clock four sharp."

It had been sent off from West Kensington a quarter past two.

We caught the 4.10 train, bound for Carshalton, and on the journey he at last became communicative.

His narrative had not proceeded far when it became glaringly evident that we had stumbled on what was nothing less than a diabolical plot to murder by slow degrees a helpless and parentless boy.

Ferris, immediately after my departure, had entered the house, gone upstairs, and secreted himself till the two men had descended.

Then he boldly entered the room they had left, finding therein the boy, who told him the following story:

His name was Reginald Harkland, he said; his age fourteen years, and for three years he had been practically a prisoner in the house, never once leaving the grounds, and only very occasionally being allowed out in the fresh air.

He had been half-starved, beaten, insufficiently clad, and kept in semi-darkness, secured to a screwed-down bed by a steel chain and belt. He was never seen by anyone except Gadby the tutor, and now and then the Mr. Beghouse already mentioned.

"The latter scoundrel is his guardian," Ferris explained, "and trustee of the lad's fortune, amounting to nine thousand four hundred pounds. The money reverts to him if the boy dies, foolishly left in that fashion by his sister, who was the boy's mother.

"I have discovered all this by viewing a copy of the will at Somerset House. All that the boy could tell me was that he believed there was some money bequeathed, and acquainting me with the date of her death.

"Then I cross-questioned him about what relatives he possessed, and it appeared he had none excepting the Beghouse family, although there had been an uncle—his father's brother—who went to India some years ago. He was an officer in the Army, he remembered.

"I looked up the name in the Army List, and sure enough discovered that a Major Harkland existed, stationed at present at Allahabad. That was sufficient, and eloquently satisfactory.

"Burke," continued Ferris, with his easy, daring confidence, "I beg to inform you that *I* am Major Harkland, and that our present errand is to remove the boy from their custody, and afterwards to visit upon them such punishment as their barbarity deserves."

"How?" said I.

"As the gods shall direct," he answered.

Again it was growing dark when we reached the encircling wall of the house. Ferris, this time, rang the bell, waited awhile, rang anew, and then, still no answer forthcoming, tugged the wire violently.

He turned to me, and I saw he was fearing the same thing as was I.. Flight!

"Nothing for it," he murmured; and once more he picked the lock.

He picked the lock of the house-door, too, when we came to it, for the place was in darkness and silent. And then he walked straight towards the stairs.

Half-way up he paused, listening; and gravity spread over his face.

We could hear moaning, long drawn out and piteous.

He only delayed for a moment, and dashed on.

He had thrown wide a door and halted with a gasp on the threshold when I joined him, and, looking over his shoulder, saw what he saw.

On the floor lay a body—the tutor's, lean, black-clothed and carrion-like, the features in the dim light showing ghastly and grinning. In a corner of the room, a chain trailing from his waist, was the boy, cowering and moaning in the exhaustion of terror.

Ferris stepped forward, went down on one knee, and felt the prostrate man's heart. Then he nodded to me.

I licked my lips.

"Ferris," I said hoarsely, "if we're found here with that thing——"

"Yes, a delicate predicament if he has been murdered. But it is doubtful whether he has. Looks to me more like heart-failure or a stroke. However, the first thing——"

He glanced with suppressed lips at the boy. Then without a tremor he searched the dead man's pockets for his keys and released the boy, returning the keys to their proper place, and then, as an afterthought, throwing them on the floor.

"As I was saying," he went on calmly, "we must first get the boy away from here. Everything has already been arranged, by myself as the Major that you wot of. You will take the poor lad to the nursing-home whose address I have written on this card. Wrap him up in a coat, carry him to the station, and catch the first train to town. Then take a taxi. There is nothing to conceal. His name is known as Harkland, and all you have to do is to leave him."

"And yourself," said I.

"I shall be otherwise engaged," he replied cryptically. "Expect me at the flat about lunch time."

What he did in the interim may briefly be stated, though its amazing audacity equalled, if it did not excel, any of his previous achievements.

He called upon Mr. Howard Beghouse at his City office, in the guise of Major Harkland, and revealing a terrifying knowledge of events which the former, in a state of sweating collapse, made no attempt to deny, he presented him with the alternative of being charged with attempted murder, or handing over the whole of the lad's fortune to his keeping without reservation and without an hour's delay.

Mr. Howard Beghouse gratefully put on his hat. They went in company to the bank, where Ferris received the sum of nine thousand four hundred pounds in hundred-pound bank-notes, afterwards changing them into gold at the Bank of England. Then the pseudo-Major Harkland disappeared.

But that night a long letter was dispatched to the real Major in Allahabad, setting forth the full circumstances of the case, excepting that part which had to do with the money-transference.

It was apparently written by a prominent military personage (though he at a later date denied all knowledge of it) and it brought Major Harkland home post haste.

He received a telegram on landing, to say that he would find his nephew at a certain West Kensington nursing-home; which he did. But no one seemed to know who had been paying for his maintenance, the idea prevailing that the Major had been doing so himself.

Not long afterwards, Major Harkland brought an action against Mr. Howard Beghouse for the release of all monies held in trust for account of Reginald Harkland, minor, on the ground of cruelty, misdirection, and neglect.

The action was won, the money paid over a second time; and then—and not till then—did Ferris say we were entitled to what we had won by our wits. *His* wits, more properly!

PICKING YOUR TEETH.

Should a man ever pick his teeth except in the privacy of his own bedroom? Is it bad form for him to do so in a restaurant?

The question is often asked, and opinions differ. In French restaurants toothpicks are always supplied, and there you may see men picking their teeth as complacently as they would twirl the ends of their moustaches.

In English restaurants, however, the toothpick is not in evidence, and if you find a troublesome fibre of meat sticking between two of your teeth you should get it out as unobtrusively as possible. If it is not causing you much annoyance, wait till you can abstract it privately.

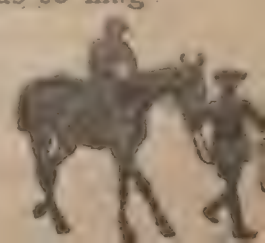
JOCKEYSHIP.

A feat of horsemanship worth recording was that recently performed by the well-known jockey Willie Payne.

He was riding in a steeplechase, and at the open ditch his mount, Golden Ray, blundered and threw Payne out of the saddle.

He hung on under the horse's neck, but found it impossible to regain his seat, so he dropped to the ground, ran alongside his mount for a few strides, and sprang into the saddle again.

He won the race, and his feat was so magnificent that he was heartily cheered, even by those who had backed other horses.



The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EVENING-DRESS QUERIES.

A correspondent in one of the great Northern cities sends me a most interesting letter, in which he says some very kind things about my weekly remarks on these pages.

He calls attention to the extraordinary mistakes that are so often made where evening dress is concerned by people who ought to know better.

"Such mistakes," he says, "as a black tie (more often than not ready-made) with a tail coat, and the wearing of a gaudy watch-chain across the waistcoat are fairly common, but when one sees men wearing a double collar and a brilliant red handkerchief stuck in the top of their waistcoat, really it makes one's eyes ache. And yet we are supposed to be the best-dressed nation!"

If only people would realise it, it is a public duty to observe the recognised rules of dress and not to make other men's eyes ache.

My friend from whose letter I have just quoted goes on to propound an interesting little query. He has just ordered a new dress suit, and very wisely ordered an extra white waistcoat at the same time.

The latter, however, he forgot to try on with the suit, with the result that he finds that about an inch and a half of the white waistcoat shows below the front of the coat.

As he observes, according to the latest fashion the points at the front of the coat should cover the corresponding points of the waistcoat.

THE SIMPLEST SOLUTION.

The only alternatives which the writer seems to consider are to go to the expense of buying a new waistcoat or to make this one do as it is for a season or two.

But surely it would be possible to take the waistcoat back to the tailor and to get him to cut it down slightly at the bottom so as to make it the right length.

However, if this is impossible for some reason which would be apparent if one could see the garment in question, I should certainly recommend my friend to stick to the waistcoat and wear it as it is.

A season or two ago, when exaggerated and very much cut-away points to the evening vest were in fashion, they of necessity extended below the front of the coat, and probably no one but a man who was closely in touch with the prevailing fashions would notice the slight incorrectness.

HOW MANY STUDS?

Another reader writes to ask me how many studs it is now fashionable to wear in the shirt-front with evening dress.

This is a question I am very frequently asked, and one which it is very difficult to answer, for the fashions change so frequently.

At the present moment I should say that two studs were correct; but the question is one that you can safely leave to your shirt-maker or outfitter. It is his business to keep in touch, through the trade, with every fluctuation in the dictates of fashion.

A short time ago dress-shirts were made with only one stud-hole in the centre, while I can remember the time before that when three studs were generally worn.

The three studs are now certainly out of date, and although you will still see otherwise well-dressed men wearing the single stud, two are more commonly worn.

The single stud fashion will naturally commend itself to, and is generally retained by, those who possess a jewelled stud containing a diamond or some other stone or small pearls, for it is not many men who are the fortunate possessors of a pair of such studs.

A STUD AND TIE-PIN COMBINED.

While on the subject of jewelled studs, it may be interesting to those at least who happen to possess one, or who are contemplating buying one, to know that the head of the stud can be made convertible into a tie-pin at a very small cost.

The head of the stud is made to screw into the shank and can be removed at any time and screwed into a specially prepared socket at the top of the pin.

The diamond, sapphire, opal, or whatever stone is set in the stud, can thus be worn during the day as a tie-pin.

THE LUXURY OF BEING SHABBY.

I number among my friends a worthy country doctor who used to say that he would like to be wealthy chiefly in order that he might be able to wear old clothes.

There is a lot in what he said. The luxury of being shabby appeals to most men at times, and however much interested a man may be in matters of dress, he probably knows what it means.

In the privacy of one's own rooms one can derive the keenest enjoyment from ... ing spent with a pipe and a book ... fire, when one is clad in an old ... flannels, or a disreputable Norfolk ... superannuated blazer.

Who can really enjoy a ramble in the ... of the country or across the moors ... clad in immaculate and fashionable ... The whole essence of being well-dress... that one's clothes should be suitable ... occasion, and for real cross-country ... most suitable garments are the oldest ... you possess.

In that immortal classic, "Cranford," ... are two old ladies whose means did not ... of much display in dress, but as the ... marked, "What does it matter how we ... In Cranford everybody knows who we ... and in other places nobody knows us."

I am afraid that is an argument that ... not commend itself to my readers, but ... a well-known fact that it is by no means ... most distinguished or the wealthiest men ... are the best dressed or the leaders of fas...

Not long ago a certain prominent ... minister who is not conspicuous for his ... tion to dress was one of a house-party ... country house, where the formalities ... etiquette were not very strictly observed, ... the host was an intimate friend.

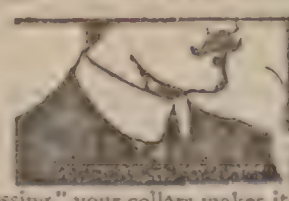
Nevertheless, his fellow-guests were ... taken aback when the Minister appeared ... dinner in a well-worn suit of tweeds.

In answer to their astonished looks ... simply explained that he *had* got a ... suit—it was all laid out on his bed up... if anyone wanted to see it.

DISREPUTABLE PEERS.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits ... the House of Lords, it is not to them that ... can look for hints on dress. Some ... of that House, past and present, would ... poor figure beside the caricature of a L... Member—I say a caricature, for the ... of the Labour Members I have met seem ... be dressed very much like the rest of us.

The late Lord Salisbury, even in the ... of his Premiership, seldom condescended ... make himself look even respectable, ...



This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires the treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. Lin-Gloss will not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. It saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day for a bottle of Lin-Gloss six months' supply—and just see how much you can your laundry bill?

LIN-GLOSS WORKS, 32, SANDROCK RD., L...

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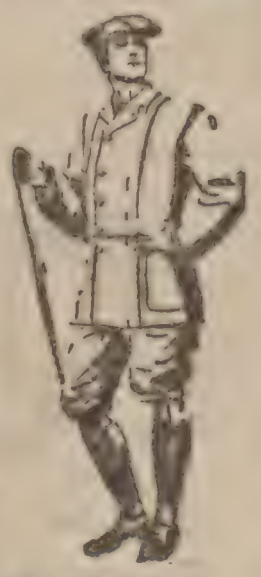

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certain Duke to-day, in spite of being one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom, pays but little attention to his appearance.

Not many years ago his Grace contemplated taking a certain large house in the neighbourhood of London.

The owner and his wife had been out walking, and on returning they saw a shabby-looking figure walking before them down the drive.

The lady spotted the intruder first, and turning to her husband she said, "Do go and tell that disreputable-looking person he mustn't come through here. He might be a burglar."

Her husband hurried on, and the lady's surprise may be imagined when, on overtaking the couple, she was introduced to his Grace the Duke of ——

A duke can afford to look like a tramp, but the ordinary man would not have made a very good impression as a desirable tenant in this case, for instance.

PUTTING ON WELLINGTONS.

The mounted Territorial who wears wellingtons as part of his uniform is often at a loss as to the best way to put them on.

Sometimes he puts the boots on first and then pulls on his overalls, with the result that after a few efforts the material of the latter splits at the back.

The proper method is to put the boots into the overalls from the top, "telescope" the latter over them, and then pull on the boots and overalls together.

In this way you get the overalls to fit properly over the boots, and avoid the difficulty of doing up the trouser-strap when the overalls are on.

A pair of handles to fit the loops of the boots greatly facilitate the operation.

BRACE ENDS.

There are few kinds of braces so comfortable to wear as those with elastic ends running over pulleys, which give the greatest possible freedom of movement.

But they have one drawback, that the elastic perishes and gives way long before the braces themselves are worn out.

In these trying circumstances many men, if they do not patch them up with string, cut the loss and buy a new pair, for they are fortunately not very expensive.

There is, however, a far simpler way out, which I only discovered the other day.

I was complaining to an extremely obliging outfitter that I was only ordering a new pair of braces because one of the elastic ends was broken, while the braces and the other two ends were quite sound.

"But, sir," he said, "that is quite unnecessary. We can supply you with the ends separately." And he produced a box full of them, and only charged me a penny apiece for the stock which I forthwith purchased.

Some shopmen would have "lain low and said nuffin'," like Brer Rabbit, but I am sure this worthy man's policy was best in the long run, for although I did not buy a new pair of braces, I feel that I owe him such a debt of gratitude for the tip that I shall certainly patronise his shop whenever possible.

The pulleys in front of these braces are usually made so that the ends are removable and interchangeable, while if the back is not fitted with the clip arrangement, a very little force will suffice to remove a perished end or to insert a new one.

"WELL-DRESSED."

To different men, the term "well-dressed" has a widely different meaning. There are men who believe in spending every available penny upon outward appearances, letting their shirts and underclothing drop off in ribbons before they will renew them. Even then they buy cheap goods and grudge the money.

But this class of man is never really comfortable. No one can feel at ease clad half in stylish clothes and the other half in rags. He must always be thinking that his shirt is being noticed, and, indeed, in many cases his surmise is correct.

It is not by the cut of his coat that a man is sized up. Men look deeper and note the false impression that the exterior magnificence is meant to convey.

Spend a little less on the overcoats and suits if necessary and put the money towards good garments all through. You will feel infinitely more comfortable and your general appearance will be immeasurably improved.

VEST-SLIPS AND OLD SUITS.

Others go wrong in a different manner. In a restaurant the other day I found myself sitting at the same table as a fine athletic young man who was probably under the impression that he looked smart and well-groomed.

So, perhaps, he might have done at a distance. He was clad in a dark-grey morning coat suit, with a white vest-slip, a well-tied tie and pin.

But to one as close as I was it was evident that his coat did not fit him at all. Indeed, I was doubtful whether it had been made for him.

About the collar and the shoulders, which were the most obvious parts as he sat at table, it looked as if it had been thrown at him instead of fitted.

All the vest-slips and tie-pins in the world would not have made that man look well-dressed, and unless your suit fits well enough and is in good enough condition to carry them off, such "extras" are best omitted.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. A. H. (Sheffield).—We have not had an article under that title. You can get a handbook on whist-playing from any bookseller.

H. E. B. (Willesden).—Under the cirsumstances you mention, it would certainly seem a wise step for you to try your luck in Canada. You say you have robust health and are not afraid of roughing it. We hate to think of fine men leaving the Motherland while criminal aliens flock into it, but as you ask our candid advice we give it to you. Permit us also to wish you the best of good luck.

T. RICHARDS, 15, Dyffryn Road, Caeran, near Bridgend, Glamorgan, wants to correspond with South African readers.

R. G. (Newcastle).—Put the matter in the hands of your solicitor. If the interest charged by the money-lender has been excessive, the judge will probably put matters right by making you pay it off at the rate of a few pence a week. Let it be a lesson to you, and don't involve yourself again.

J. S. C. (Colchester) wants us to name the regiment which possesses the best record and has seen the most fighting. We daren't do it. Every soldier believes that his regiment answers that description exactly, and so he ought to!

R. E. (Edinburgh).—A bearing-rein is not really punishing unless you put on a tight martingale as well. Both are sometimes used when an inveterate puller has to be dealt with.

G. D. (Birmingham) says he has a good position, but is sick of office life, and wants to join the Army. He asks our advice as to his taking this step. Our advice to him is to join the Territorials first; he can then see how he likes military work. To some men soldiering is part of their very life's blood; and to them life in the Army is a keen delight; but there are others who, though they like reading about soldiering, find the discipline and the work unpleasant when they try it in actual fact. The sensible plan is to learn your true feelings by some Territorial experience; a transfer to the Regular Army will be arranged for you, if you like the work.

A. G. (Gibraltar).—We have done what you asked us to do. Always happy to oblige a reader when possible.

C. T. (Worcester).—There is little to choose between eye-glasses with rims and eye-glasses without rims. Neither style improves a man's appearance any more than does gold filling in his teeth, but, like false or mended teeth, eye-glasses help him to remedy a physical defect, and he is stupid if he does not avail himself of such things if he requires them. Eye-glasses should not be worn except when necessary, for they always give a man a supercillious expression.

F. L. (Chatham).—Wooden matches are better than wax vestas for many reasons. They cost less, and they do not spark your clothes with grease when you light your pipe or cigarette.

R. C. S. (Newport).—Some people have found relief from rheumatics by adopting a vegetarian diet, but such a diet is very apt to make you anæmic, and you should not take it up without your doctor's approval.

H. M. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—We quite understand your difficuties as a young journalist is obtaining the facts you desire. The great secret in getting information from other people is to request the information as a privilege, and not to demand it as a right. Courtesy in the case of a reporter is essential.

H. L. (Paris).—Glad to know that THE MODERN MAN is proving so popular amongst the English residents in the French capital. Your suggestion that we should bring out an edition in French is, however, impracticable, as the French people do not care for our style of paper.

K. F. (Wolverhampton).—There is no reason why your puppy should ever suffer from distemper if you look properly after him and keep him from getting mixed up with dogs that are badly kept and ill-cared for.

T. W. (Holyhead).—There is no foundation for the suggestion so commonly made that cage-birds bring asthma and other throat diseases into the house. The only trouble is connection with them is the noise they make, and that, of course, to the fancier is not noise but sweet music.

A. D. (Gateshead).—We do not believe that really platonic love can exist between a man and a woman of equal ages. If the lady to whom you refer is so much older than you that you are not likely to marry her, there is no reason why you should not permit your friendship to ripen to the fullest extent, but otherwise any such action on your part would probably bring pain to both of you.

F. W. D. (Cardiff).—Write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster. They will supply you with all available facts as to the prospects a man in your trade would have in any of our colonies.

S. B. (Dulwich).—It is not necessary to carry your dog licence about with you, though the words "To be shown on demand" appear on it. Keep it at home in some place where you can always put your hand to it if necessary. Motor-drivers have, of course, to carry their licences with them for obvious reasons.

N. M. (Kilmarnock), **R. S. C.** (Glasgow), **J. McN.** (Ellesmere Port), **C. M.** (Ipswich), **F. S. M.** (London, W.C.), **J. M.** (Worcester), **R. B.** (Carnarvon), **A. F. T.** (Newcastle), **E. D.** (Oban), **M. T.** (Luton), **J. T. H.** (Chorlton-cum-Hardy), **H. W.** (St. George's, E.), **E. W. D.** (Eastbourne)—We thank you.

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FRIENDS IN THE NORTH.

This week our list of League members consists entirely of Glasgow readers. We printed many names of Glasgow readers last week, and there are more to follow. It gives you some idea of the power of the paper and of the League. We should be glad if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their addresses recently, will kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. A supplementary list, containing all names, corrections and additions will be published later. A form of application for membership, giving particulars of the benefits issued to members, will be found on another page.

GLASGOW *(Continued).*

D. G. HENDERSON, 77, St. George's Road.
R. HENDERSON, 56, Carlibar Road, Barrhead.
H. HEWITSON, 230, Paisley Road West.
C. A. HINEMAN, 53, Well Road, New City Road.
A. HOGG, 676, Dumbarton Road, Partick West.
J. A. HOMBERG, 46, Cathkin Road, Langside.
J. HOTCHKISS, 33, Gairbraid Street, East Park, Maryhill.
R. W. HOWIE, 9, Minerva Street.
A. HUTCHESON, 17, Polwarth Gardens, Hyndland.
G. INGLIS, 19, Laurence Street, Hillhead.
G. A. INGLIS, 14, Caird Drive, Partick.
A. IRELAND, 27, McKinley Street.
E. JAGGER, c/o Mr. Jameson, Railway Cottage.
G. C. JEFFERSON, 95, Bowman Street, Crosshill.
P. M. JENKINS, 3, Victoria Terrace, Mount Florida.
J. JOHNSTON, 180, Allander Street, Possil Park.
D. KAY, 39, Shore Street.
J. C. KEIR, 5, Rowallan Gardens, Broomhill.
R. KENNEDY, 52, Hill Street, Garnethill.
W. KINCAID, 92, John Street, Bridgeton.
R. S. KIRKLAND, 132 Renfrew Street.
J. KIRKWOOD, 828, Argyle Street.
R. KNOX, 3, Hopetoun Place.
P. LIGHTBODY, 5, Alberta Terrace, Hillhead.
W. LYON, Post Office, Langside.
D. MACAULAY, 86, North Frederic Street.
A. MACCOLL, 15, Belleisle Street, Govanhill.
G. McCONNELL, 13, Ronald Street, Townhead.
H. McCORMICK, 354A, Duke Street, Dennistoun.
D. McCULLOCH, 72, Bag Street.
W. McCULLOCH, 419, St. George's Road.
W. McDONALD, 36, Gleneagles Cottages, Scotstoun.
J. R. McEWAN, 534, Argyle Street.
J. F. McEWEN, "St. Andrew's," 396, Shields Road, Pollokshields.
A. McFADGER, 16, Lighthouse Buildings, S. Govan.
J. B. McFARLAN, "Marylea," Elliott Avenue, Giffnock.
P. McFARLANE, 36, Willowbank Street.
T. McFARLANE, 9, Park Drive South, Whiteinch.
W. McGELLIGAN, 25, Temple Place, Temple, Anniesland.
A. McGHEE, 76, Calder Road.
A. McKANE, 70, Eglinton Street.
L. A. MACKAY, 1, Over Possil Terrace, High Possil, by Bishopriggs.
R. McKECHNIE, 28, Langside Avenue, Shawlands.
D. McKELLAR, 9, Morrison Street, S.S.
W. McKELLAR, 74, Dalmarnock Street, Parkhead.
J. B. McKENZIE, 7, Moss Road, South Govan.
R. McKINNON, 27, McIntosh Street, Dennistoun.
W. MACKINNON, 127, Parliamentary Road.
A. McLACHLAN, 1162, Argyle Street, Sandyford.
R. H. MACLACHLAN, 109, Bowman Street.
T. McLEAN, 89, North Park Street.
J. McLELLAN, 105, Montrose Street.
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J. A. PATERSON, 1063, Sauchiehall Street.
A. PAUL, 93, Somerville Drive, Mount Florida.
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W. P. RAMSAY, 28, Florence Street.
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J. RITCHIE, 24, Havelock Street.
A. ROBERTSON, 11, Shamrock Street.
E. ROBERTSON, 1, Auchentorlie Street, Partick West.
J. G. ROBERTSON, 732, Springburn Road.
T. ROBERTSON, 92, Keppochhill Road, Springburn.
W. ROBINSON, 35, Mordaunt Street, Bridgeton.
J. ROUGH, 41, Gardner Street, Partick.
J. L. SCOTT, 670, Dalmarnock Road.
W. G. SHEARER, 268, Crow Road, Broomhill, Partick.
D. SIM, 2, Elliot Drive, Giffnock.
W. SIME, 118, Sauchiehall Street.
G. S. SINCLAIR, Abington Cottage, Nitshill.
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N. SMITH, National Burns Club, 93, Douglas Street.
W. M. SMITH, 49, Kent Street.
A. STARK, 391, Brown Street.
H. STEPHENSON, 41, Rosebank Street, Alexandra Park.
T. STEVENS, 15, Taylor Street, Townhead.
J. STURROCK, 1, Ellenger Terrace, Dumbarton Road, Dalmuir.
E. W. TAIT, 64, Barnes Street, Clydebank.
A. THOMSON, 15, Spittal Terrace, Newton.
J. THOMSON, 215, Caledonia Road, S.S.
J. T. VALENTINE, 348, Dumbarton Road, Partick.
B. WALKER, 7, Newhall Terrace, Greenhead.
P. H. WALKER, 207, Centre Street, S.S.
B. WARDROP, 52, Cleveland Street, Charing Cross.
J. T. WATSON, 80, Elder Street, Govan.

(To be continued.)

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